

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HENRY BROUGHAM.

BORN AT EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1778. DIED
AT CANNES, MAY 7, 1868.

L

A GRAND old tree has fallen ! Can it be,
That with so little stir it has come down ?
That in the forest scarce a gap we see
For loss of that great trunk and reverend
crown ?

II.

Gaunt, grey, with vice-like roots and gnarled
knees,
A green leaf here and there on some tough
limb,
That once had growth and girth for many trees,
He stood : no passer-by but noted him,

III.

Wond'ring to gauge his wreck, and learn his
age,
And hear how broad was once the shade he
cast;
With what defiant port he faced the rage
Of storms, when weaker growths gave to the
blast.

IV.

He lived and lived . . . from hot youth to hoar
eld,
From flush of leaf to bareness of green bough:
A giant in decay, that still upheld
A shrunken strength, and weight of furrowed
brow.

V.

Until at last we heard he was laid low;
Not by the stroke of storm or levin sped,
In still Provençal night, and May moon's glow,
When none was by, he bowed his ancient
head.

VI.

The peaceful death to close the restless life,
The quiet eve to crown the stormy day !
Such should be the surcease from noble strife,
So should a well-spent being ebb away.

VII.

As he lies thus . . . ere earth to earth is given,
We trace back his long life, and find it knit
With all wherein our century has striven,
Stirred, spoken, reared, o'erthrown, fought,
wrought, or writ.

VIII.

The ninety-year-old man was part of all,
Great part of most that's worthiest and best :
Through that long race the oar he scarce let fall,
Scarce through that long day's work paused
once to rest.

IX.

It was a time of tempest and of toil,
An age of battle with all forms of ill,
Ill that brought strength to crush, and fraud to
foil,
Delay to sicken, and contempt to chill.

X.

Bias of honour, place, wealth, worldly good,
Drew all away; he would not so be drawn,
Truth and Right's soldier from the first he stood,
And in the thickest darkness looked for dawn.

XI.

Count all the triumphs in these fifty years
By Right and Truth o'er Wrong and False-
hood won ;
Of the Good Cause's Paladins and Peers,
A faithfuller than HENRY BROUGHAM is none.

XII.

He lived through all those fights, and seemed to
grow
Tenser and tougher with their wear and tear;
And when the strife was done, and the sun low,
And "age brought honour and the silver
hair,"

XIII.

He could look o'er his life, and say, at last,—
"No' cause for which I fought now counts a
foe :
No goal I made for but is reached and past;
No ill I aimed a blow at but lies low."

XIV.

A fighter born, with fighter's work in hand,
He had the fighter's weak points with the
strong;
Hot, vehement to rashness, never bland,
In hates, as loves, too sudden oft and wrong;

XV.

Vain, quick of temper, proud of all he knew,
As who, that knew so much, but might be
proud,
By all he had done, and all he hoped to do—
Lifted, his great head's height, above the
crowd ?

XVI.

Why note what flaws may be in such a fame ?
Freer of flaws than his the fames are few;
Sum up the gains to which he linked his name;
What nobler work did ever statesman do ?

XVII.

The senate purged; charity's stream strained
pure;
Slaves freed; chicane and bigotry put down;
Knowledge on ignorance gaining, slow but sure;
This was his life's work, is his memory's
crown !

Punch.

From The New Monthly Magazine.
PROJECTED EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE.

ENGLISH — GERMAN — FRENCH.

HITHERTO, with the exception of a few adventurous and successful expeditions of research carried out by the Russians and Americans, Arctic and Polar discovery has been almost peculiarly the province of British enterprise. The two Rosses, Parry, Franklin, Beechy, Back, Moore, Kellett, Belcher, Collinson, Austin, McClure, McClintonck, Inglefield, Ommanney, and Sherard Osborn have more particularly rendered their names illustrious by their brilliant and daring achievements.

The almost special object of these expeditions has, however, hitherto been the discovery of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—a problem solved at last by the perseverance of Collinson, McClure, Austin, and Ommanney, but destined to be carried out, in as far as actual communication is concerned, by an American, and, it is to be hoped, an Anglo-American—Interoceanic Railway. The melancholy and disastrous result of Sir John Franklin's last expedition has been the cause, that since the return of the various expeditions sent out in search of the remains of our gallant countryman all new projects have for a time been utterly abandoned.

In 1865, however, Captain Sherard Osborn, encouraged by the discovery of a supposed Polynia or open sea, said to abound in animal life, north of Greenland, revived the old project of a journey to the North Pole. This project, at first favourably received, was opposed by the German geographer Petermann, who advocated the old line of navigation adopted by Barentz between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. And still more recently a French navigator—Captain Gustave Lambert—has advocated an attempt to reach the North Pole by Behring's Straits, beyond which it is supposed, from the researches of Wrangel, Anjou, Kellett, Moore, and others, there exists land to the northward, and an open sea to an unknown extent westwards. A subscription-list to raise 600,000 francs (25,000*l.*), the minimum which is deemed necessary to carry out the proposed object, has been now opened for some time; and, supported

as the project is by the imperial government and the Geographical Society of France, there are reasons to hope that an expedition which cannot but be productive of welcome additions to our geographical and scientific acquaintance with a very interesting portion of the Arctic Ocean—that which extends between Herald and Plover's land and islands, recently claimed as a new discovery by the captain of an American whaler, and Liaknow Islands or New Siberia, supposing even that the actual North Pole be neither reached nor crossed—will be successfully carried out. It is in our memory that the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole, on the shores of Boothia, was celebrated at Vauxhall by scenic effects lit up by fireworks, in which a British sailor, after the transpontine idea of what that admirable character is supposed to be, planted the British flag upon the real pole, to the plaudits of a vast assemblage of ignorant Cockneys. It would be passing strange if, after all that has been accomplished by British perseverance, endurance, and skill, we should have to assist at some still more brilliant ceremony in the Champ de Mars in commemoration of the positive passage of a French ship over the North Pole, or the planting of the tricolor flag upon the earth's axis!

Captain Sherard Osborn first called the attention of the Royal Geographical Society to what he termed the perfect practicability of an exploration of the blank space around our Northern Pole on the 23rd of January, 1865. The arguments for this practicability were founded upon the presumed existence of an open sea in the extreme north; Captain Osborn ranking the discovery of a supposed Polynia, and the fact that Providence has peopled the Arctic regions to the extreme latitude yet reached, and that the animals upon which they subsist are there likewise, in winter as well as summer, as one, with the Magnetic Pole and the course of the gulf and ice streams, of the great results of the labours and researches of Arctic explorers, and which have been sneered at by some as merely adding so many miles of unprofitable coast-line to our charts.

The existence of an open Polar sea has been ably combated by Dr. Rink in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, xxviii. p. 272 *et seq.*; but Mr. Markham



has, on the other hand, collated a table (Proceed. R. G. S., vol. ix. No. ii.) showing that many navigators have at various times been between five or six hundred miles of the Pole. It appears, indeed, from this table that stout old Dutch and English skippers vowed they had been as far north as the 88th deg., some to 83 deg. north (Sir Edward Parry's extreme in the boats *Enterprise* and *Endeavour* in 1827 was 82 deg. 46 min. north), and many into the 82nd parallel; indeed, one old sailor declared to Master Moxon, "hydrographer to Charles II. of glorious memory, that he had sailed two degrees beyond the Pole! But it is only fair to add that this was said in dreamy Amsterdam, over strong Dutch beer."

The whole gist of the comparative value of Captain Sherard Osborn's English, Augustus Petermann's German, and Gustave Lambert's French projects, lies in the question of the direction in which a Polar expedition should be undertaken with the least risk and expense, and the greatest probability of success, and in the mode in which such an exploration should be carried out. Sir Edward Parry in his boat expedition from Spitzbergen in 1827 stood upon a floating sea of ice on the night of July 22nd, being then in latitude 82 deg. 45 min. north, just four hundred and thirty-five geographical miles from the Pole. He was constrained to give up the attempt, simply, it is said, because the ice was being swept faster to the south than his men could drag their boats to the north. Captain Osborn says "simply," but if we can conceive of difficulties in the way of an approach to the North Pole, the first would be an impenetrable barrier of land or ice, which could be triumphed over by sledges or other means, and if on terra firma possibly with success; but if on ice, and the ice travels south faster than a sledge can proceed northwards, it is impossible to imagine a more insuperable difficulty to progress in the latter direction. The fact is, however, that sledge expeditions should be undertaken in winter—"winter black as danger, and terrible as night"—for past experience tells us that, instead of starting on such a journey in June, Parry ought to have wintered in Spitzbergen, and started for the north in February; and such is the perfection to which Arctic sledge equipment has been

brought, that the weights would be infinitely less for the men to drag, whilst the provisions would last for months instead of weeks.

Captain Sherard Osborn, however, disapproves of efforts being made to reach the polar area by sledges from Spitzbergen, on the ground that there are no known lands north of the island, and consequently no fixed points for depots of provisions; whereas, in Smith Sound, we have a starting point one hundred and twenty miles nearer to the Pole, and there is good ground for believing in a further extension of continents or islands to the north. The floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no icebergs proper in their embrace. This tells us that no extensive lands lie upon that meridian; for the iceberg is a creation of the land, born of a glacier, and not of the sea; whereas these icebergs abound in Smith Sound; and the glaciers, as Kane advanced northward, appeared to increase rather than diminish in extent, which would not be the case if the land ended abruptly near the Humboldt Glacier, in 80 deg. north latitude. Those vast accumulations of snow and fresh-water ice, designated by the latter term, and their beautiful creations the iceberg, tell us of great lands with lofty mountains and deep valleys, retaining the moisture and snow-drifts of ages, and promise that continuity of coast-line, and that frozen seaboard, which it is declared is alone needed to enable our explorers to reach the Pole in safety. Greenland, therefore, and not Spitzbergen, is the direction Captain Sherard Osborn advocates.

It is not, at the same time, the gallant captain observes, that there is nothing to reward the explorer in the direction of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, for there is much yet to be seen and done there in scientific research. The bugbear of Arctic navigation is being gradually dispelled. "A Cruise in High Latitudes," and "A Season among the Walruses," encourage us to hope, that where yachtsmen have not hesitated to go for pleasure, and where poor Norwegian fishermen yearly sail in almost open boats for hide, ivory, and the more precious livers of Arctic sharks, which produce the article known in commerce and at the bedside of the sick as "pure cod-

liver oil," it is possible others will yet wend their way for love of science, and add to our knowledge of the laws of electricity, light, magnetism, temperature, and winds. If this applies to the Nova Zemblan Sea, so it does also with additional strength to the Siberian Polynia, or open sea, the navigation of which to the North Pole is advocated by the French geographers.

Captain Osborn argues that apart from mere proximity to the Pole, there are other conditions which recommend the route via Smith Sound. A considerable extent of water was found to exist at Cape Constitution in the early summer. Recent Arctic explorations have shown that this is no great novelty. Dr. Kane believes this water to be very extensive, but Captain Osborn is sceptical upon that point, and he says as the Pole is within reach, whether Kane's Polynia be great or small, he will not urge the facilities which open water offers to boat-navigation. The future explorer might hail open water if it were found to exist along the shores of Grinnell Land; but, if not, he would be well satisfied with plenty of ice, and merely pray that the mainland, or off-lying islands, should be found to exist as far as the 87th parallel. And there is, he holds, more chance—far more chance—of that being the case, than of any open sea round the Arctic Pole.

Kane's Polynia, it is admitted, exists, where there is a far greater abundance of animal and vegetable life than was found to exist around the "water-holes" of Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel, or Lancaster Sound. The possibility, therefore, of future explorers of Smith Sound being able to vary their dietary with the flesh of deer, bear, seal, or wild-fowl, is an important recommendation to the route in question.

In this meridian, too, we find human life extending to a higher latitude than in any known direction. A fine tribe of Arctic savages was first discovered by Sir John Ross in latitude 75 deg. 35 min. north, longitude 65 deg. 32 min. west, in his voyage of 1818. Ross christened this isolated section of the great Esquimaux race, "Arctic Highlanders." These Highlanders are a hearty, healthy race, who slay bear, seal, and walrus, with bone spears and harpoons, but they have no boats, and they believe it

is all ice to the south of them! A beneficent providence has so arranged it that, from the action of oceanic currents, and the destruction of the ice-fields by the large icebergs thrown off from the glaciers constantly sailing through them, there is always, even in the depth of a polar winter, some open water to be found in the regions inhabited by these highlanders, and in it walrus, bear, and seal. Without this open water they would all perish in a single winter.

Captain Osborn lays stress upon the preference to be given to this route over any other, not only upon the existence of these Arctic Highlanders in high latitudes, and who could aid as hunters and sledge-drivers, but also upon the fact that the Danish settlements extend along the coast of Greenland as high as 72 deg. north. Kane, in open boats, carried off his men in safety to Upernivik, when it became imperative to do so; other navigators could do likewise, if any accidents occurred to their ships in Smith Sound.

Dr. Petermann argues against the route by Smith Sound that the seas east and west of Spitzbergen offer the shortest route to the North Pole from Great Britain, and that these seas form by far the widest, indeed the only oceanic opening into the chief, the central polar regions, and to the North Pole. They offer, for that reason alone, the easiest and most practicable and navigable of all openings for vessels into the Polar regions.

The Spitzbergen seas are, according to the German geographer, more free from ice than any other part of the Arctic or Antarctic seas in the same latitude, the parallel of 80 deg. north being every year accessible, even to small craft, with certainty and safety. In Smith Sound the combined efforts of British and American expeditions have only reached to 78 deg. 45. min. north latitude in vessels, and to about 81 deg. in sledges.

English and American hydrographers, it is to be remarked upon this statement, are at variance as to the latitude to be assigned to Cape Constitution and Cape Parry, the two extremes discovered by Kane. If the American computation is correct, Cape Constitution is in 81 deg. 22 min. north, and the point seen on the west

land would be in about 82 deg. 30 min. north, or just four hundred and fifty miles from the Pole. But Admiral Collinson, Captain George, and Mr. Arrowsmith, place Cape Constitution in latitude 80 deg. 56 min. north, and crediting Morton's vision with a range of sixty miles, fixing Cape Parry in latitude 81 deg. 56 min. only, a distance of four hundred and eighty-four miles from the Pole. Captain Osborn very properly accepts this last estimate as the distance to be dealt with, and declares Cape Parry and Grinnell Land as his assurance of the perfect possibility of reaching the Pole.

Despite these most determined efforts, Petermann, however, goes on to argue, very little progress has been made in that direction since the days of Baffin, two hundred and forty-nine years ago, who, in 1616, attained about 78 deg. north latitude, nearly as far as the recent expeditions of Inglefield, Kane, and Hayes, though the two latter went with the avowed purpose to reach the North Pole.

From Spitzbergen to the northward the sea is encumbered more or less with drift-ice, which offers just as much or as little impediment to navigation as other seas of the like nature, for example, Baffin's Bay. From the concurrent testimony of the most recent, as well as former navigators, according to Petermann, much less ice is met with in the Spitzbergen seas during the spring and autumn than in the height of summer, and at certain times the seas are entirely free of ice.

A sea of the extent and depth as the one north of Spitzbergen (Sir E. Parry found no bottom with five hundred fathoms), swept by mighty currents, and exposed to the swell of the whole Atlantic, will never, according to the same writer, not even in winter, be entirely frozen over, or covered with solid ice fit to travel on with sledges, but will be more free of ice, and more open, than the ice-bound, choked-up labyrinth of the chief scene of the Franklin search, 20 deg. south of the Pole. On the supposition that Captain Phipps's main or heavy ice extended to the North Pole, Sir E. Parry's expedition in 1827 was founded. Instead, however, of finding any solid ice upon which to reach the North Pole in sledge-boats, he found no heavy ice at all, but only loose drift-ice, half the thickness of that at Melville Island; so that he came to the conclusion that "a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82 deg. almost without touching a piece of ice."

Petermann (as does also Captain Jansen, a distinguished officer in the Dutch navy)

attaches far more importance to the testimony of the old Dutch and English skippers than Captain Osborn. He believes that from Sir E. Parry's farthest point in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude a navigable sea extends far away to the north, even to beyond the Pole; and he says the general correctness of the old Dutch navigators, and the non-discovery of any land, speak in their favour, as it is well known that navigators and maritime explorers are in general much more predisposed to discover land than to have to report upon the continuation of the sea.

But rejecting these old accounts altogether, Sir E. Parry's position in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in a perfectly navigable sea, remains, he observes, an unsatisfactory fact, from which point to the North Pole, a distance of only four hundred and thirty-five miles, cannot be more difficult to navigate than a like distance in Baffin's Bay, or in any other Polar sea of similar extent.

All facts connected with the geography of the Arctic regions, whether as regards the extent of actual exploration or the observation on the currents, climate, drift-ice, and drift-wood, lead, he says, to the conclusion that the regions under the Pole, and as far as Spitzbergen, consist of an expanse of sea, and not land. But even if land should be found under the Pole, an expedition by way of Spitzbergen reaching it could extend the exploration by means of sledges; whereas sledge expeditions finding open water like that of Parry, or as in the case of the repeated attempts of Wrangell and Anjou in the Siberian Sea, would be defeated, and must inevitably fail, and return.

But it might be said in case of a sledge-party meeting open water, as in the case of Parry, and of Wrangell, and Anjou's expedition in the Spitzbergen and Siberian Seas, would there not be much greater chance for their safe return with land in their proximity than in an open sea, where they might be carried by the movement of the floe out of the direction of the ship? To this Petermann answers that from the total absence of drift-wood north of Smith Sound, he concludes that those inlets can have no connexion with the Polar Sea on the Asiatic side and off the continental coast of North America, and that a neck of land not far to the north of Cape Parry, as seen by Morton in 82 deg. north latitude, turns those waters into a bay. The supposition of land stretching from Cape Parry as far as the North Pole is, he says, a mere speculation, founded on nothing but the wish that such should be the case. It would be a

matter of regret if the success of an expedition should be staked on such a speculation.

But it may be said in reply to this that the prolongation northwards of the land seen at Cape Parry is no more a speculation than Petermann's conclusion, that a neck of land which no one has seen, not far to the north of the said cape, turns the waters at the head of Smith Sound into a bay. And even granting that such were the case, the said neck of land must have a north coast-line as well as a south or south-westerly one, and, however narrow the presumed neck of land might be, that coast-line would constitute a nearer starting-point for the North Pole than any other known land, and would constitute the safest means of retreat in case of failure or disaster. Spitzbergen and the continental land of Siberia, prolonged by Capes Taimyr and Tcheliousskin, present the next nearest territorial places of refuge to the North Pole, but there can be little doubt that Captain Osborn is correct in surmising that the north end of Greenland, or islets beyond, stretches nearest of all other land to the Pole. This has been satisfactorily shown to be the case to an extent of many miles; how far farther is truly a matter of conjecture. There is no room for conjecture with regard to Spitzbergen and Siberia, and the configuration of the known portions of Greenland and Grinnell Lands makes it more than a speculation that they extend still farther north, even according to Petermann's views of the subject, although how far to the north becomes, as before said, a mere matter of conjecture.

We are arguing this only in connexion with the safety of the expedition; for we are not prepared to say that a sea of limited extent, like Smith Sound, encumbered with ice and icebergs, can present the same facilities for navigation as a more open sea under favourable circumstances. All that we venture to propound is that, keeping to the western or weather-shore in preference to the eastern or lee-shore, in accordance with a well-known Arctic canon, there would be greater safety for a ship in Smith Sound than in an open sea; and with land approaching nearer to the North Pole than at any other known point of the globe, so also there would be greater chances of reaching that Pole.

But this does not affect the question as to whether there are greater probabilities of reaching the North Pole by water than by land. Captain Osborn, we have seen, argues that the floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no ice-

bergs proper in their embrace, and that the presence of such (and they abound in Smith Sound) is essential to the breaking up and destruction of the ice-fields. Petermann, on the other hand, quotes Dr. Whitworth, surgeon of the *Truelove* of Hull, who reached, in 1837, the latitude of 82 deg. 30 min. north, in 12 deg. to 15 deg. east longitude, and who says: "I am satisfied that the probability of reaching the Pole by water is much greater than by land, for we had in 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg. an open sea to the north-east quite free from ice; no apparent obstruction presented itself to our progress; we might have reached the Pole with the same ease and safety that we reached the latitude we were then in. A screw steamer properly constructed, well-manned, and efficiently commanded, would prove the practicability of the attempt in a voyage of three months, and might, in addition to its main object, discover new fishing-gounds to the east of Spitzbergen for our whalers. The months should be April, May, and June. In July the navigation of the Arctic Ocean becomes dangerous from the dense fogs that prevail."

There is a very important argument in favour of the Spitzbergen route, which is, that, in addition to being the shortest and most direct, and that the practicability of the attempt would be shown in the space of a few months, such an expedition might be got up at an expense of less than 10,000*l.*; whereas the French estimate theirs at 20,000*l.*, and an expedition by Smith Sound would be little less costly. Sir E. Parry's expedition, as far as 82. deg. 45 min. north latitude, in the Spitzbergen Sea, the highest point yet reached by any well-authenticated expedition, only took six months from the river Thames and back, and only cost 9,977*l.*

Petermann's views of the ice formations of the Polar seas are very plausible. They are to the effect, that the ice formed on the coasts and in the ocean every winter is, towards the end of that season, set in motion to lower latitudes, where it rapidly melts away. Vessels proceeding towards the Pole in the spring and summer—and hitherto only these seasons have been selected for Polar voyages—encounter those icestreams generally in their furthest limits towards the equator, in latitudes where the ice is entirely absent in winter, and where little is found in the spring and autumn. This is the case in every Polar sea of any extent, and with a ready access and egress. All the ice, indeed, whether in the form of drifting icebergs or floes, of field ice or barriers, forms a movable band of two degrees to six degrees of latitude in width,

beyond which the sea is more or less free of ice, and not filled up with it, as is popularly supposed. According to this view of the subject there would be a summer Polynia and a winter Polynia. Vessels pushing through the summer belt or barrier of ice, as Captain Lambert proposes to do in the Siberian Sea, will find a navigable sea in the highest latitudes, and no doubt to the Pole itself, if an extensive sea reaches that point. So Petermann argues in like manner: vessels penetrating through the floating ice, at or near Spitzbergen, will find a clear and navigable sea before them as far as the North Pole.

A sledge expedition, starting from Smith Sound, Petermann argues, would at the best be only able to follow the sinuosities of some small intricate channels like those to the south-west; whereas a vessel from the Spitzbergen Sea would have access to the whole Polar area as far as the sea extends. An expedition like that of Sir James C. Ross to the Antarctic Ocean, would open to our knowledge the whole central area from Spitzbergen to Behring's Strait, and from the Siberian coast to the Western, the American boundary of the Arctic basin!

An efficient screw-vessel might, in the proper season of the year, accomplish a voyage from the River Thames to the North Pole and back—or to any land beyond the North Pole trending in the direction of Behring's Strait, the Siberian or American coast lines—in two or three months, and at a cost perfectly insignificant as compared with that of any Arctic expedition hitherto despatched through Baffin's Bay.

The supposition that there exists in the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla (Novaya Zemlia) an ice barrier, preventing well-appointed vessels from proceeding in that direction northwards, Petermann holds to be a mere fiction and prejudice. There is, indeed, in no Polar sea of any extent, even right under the Pole itself, any such thing as an ice barrier that may not be successfully overcome by an expedition such as would be sent out in the present day. A new expedition to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen might leave port about the 1st of March, before the drifting masses of ice from the Siberian shores encumber the Spitzbergen seas; it would then have the chance of sailing, under favourable circumstances, in one stretch to the North Pole, perhaps in three or four weeks, and arriving there at the beginning of the Polar dawn and summer.

Admiral Sir George Back remarks upon this theory that no man can pretend to say or foretell how far the best equipped steam-

er, commanded by the most able Arctic officer, could penetrate into the sea north of Spitzbergen through such occasional openings as the current or the winds might produce. The gallant admiral notices the failure of an attempt made by the *Trent* and *Dorothea* in 1818 to force their way to the north-west of Spitzbergen, as also the experience of Dr. Scoresby; but as to the expanse of sea eastward of Spitzbergen, which has not yet been tried by steamers, that route might present greater advantages. Admiral Sir Edward Belcher also expressed his opinion that if Scoresby had pursued a course to the eastward of Spitzbergen, he would have drifted round the Pole! Sir Edward is not in favour of sledge travelling, but if vessels, he argues, were sent to Spitzbergen, they would be able to finish and report, if not successful, in one season; recruit and start afresh, as Ross did, in the second; and eventually, he had no doubt, they would be able to go to the Pole and back, and return to England within six weeks.

Admiral Collinson, on the other hand, does not believe in Polynias or open seas. It is the drifting of the ice, he says, that leads to the belief in the existence of an open space behind it. Ice occupies a larger space than the water from which it is made; and immediately it is set free from the shore, the wind drives it up, and forces it to the south, and therefore we have that remarkable phenomenon, a downward drift, without any open sea left behind it. Admiral Collinson adheres to the principle which Parry enunciated, that if you want progress in the Polar Sea, you must hold by the land. If Sir James Ross, he says, broke through the icy barrier, it was because there was land beyond it, and that land was the limit of the expanse of the ice.

Admiral Ommanney argues that Smith Sound is very difficult of access, and the sound itself a most dangerous point in Arctic navigation. There is, on the contrary, he says, an open sea round Spitzbergen, and it presents a safe basis from whence the opportunity could be watched for penetrating the ice at a more northerly point than could be reached in any other quarter. Scoresby found an open sea beyond Spitzbergen, and he (Admiral Ommanney) believed that the influence of the Gulf Stream probably extends past Spitzbergen into the Polar Sea. He had picked up a cask of claret off Cape North in the White Sea covered with barnacles and weeds. Admiral Fitzroy, who was also in favour of the Spitzbergen route, believed that the old Dutch navigator sailed close to the North Pole, if

not over it in an open sea. The lamented navigator cleverly illustrated the impinging force of the rotatory motion of the earth, which would drive the ice from the Pole to the south, by the twirling of a mop.

Captain Maury is in favour of the route proposed by Captain Osborn, upon the sail-or-like principle that an expedition by that route could "hold on by what it got." By the Spitzbergen route, he says, "we cannot hold on to what we get." The same distinguished hydrographer believes in an open Polar Sea; yet deductions, he argues, cannot be drawn from the success of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic seas, for there the climate is eminently marine. In the Arctic seas it is continental. The winds which reach the Arctic Ocean arrive desiccated; they are dry winds; it is cold weather there. On the contrary, the winds which reach the Antarctic regions are moist winds. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, expresses his belief that one sledge out of ten might reach the Pole by way of Smith Sound; but no sane man, he added, would in the present day think of going up Baffin's Bay, through Barrow's Strait, or through Smith Sound, with ships, in order to get into the Polar Sea. If Arctic discovery by ships is the object, there is only one route to go by, and that is between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Captain Inglefield, on the other hand, believes in the practicability of the route by Smith Sound. He had been there, and had seen open water as far as the eye could reach.

It is manifest amidst this divergence of opinion among Arctic navigators, and those who have particularly devoted their attention to Arctic exploration, that the great preponderance of opinions is in favour of an attempt by Spitzbergen. A ship can certainly hold, as the eminent hydrographer Captain Maury has it, by its own, via Smith Sound, but there is the perplexity as to whether the journey beyond would have to be performed on sledges or in boats, and both would be dangerous—the majority of opinions being in favour of an open sea at the Pole. The route by Spitzbergen presents the advantages of being safer and less costly. The ice barrier in that direction has evidently been passed at previous times, and might therefore be passed again, especially with a point of repair at Spitzbergen, from whence to watch for an opportunity. The feeling that the explorers were safely housed in trustworthy ships when once they got beyond the barrier, would be one of infinite comfort, compared with the idea of McClintock and Young, launched with boats and sledges into the unknown regions beyond Smith Sound.

Petermann actually succeeded in obtaining a ship from the Prussian government, with which to carry out the Spitzbergen route, but unfortunately it came to grief before getting clear of the Elbe. It is said that a Mr. Rosenthal, a wealthy merchant of Bremen, is going to supply the means of exploration, and, like our Sir Felix Booth, defray the expenses of this most desirable investigation. The Swedish government are also at this very moment carrying out the measurement of an arc of the meridian, as advocated by General Sabine, and will take the opportunity of watching for an opening by which to slip to the North Pole; so whether the British government, wrapped up, unfortunately, like those of France and Prussia in political and diplomatic jealousies, and struggles for power between peoples, parties, and factions, shall or shall not lend their support to any purely scientific object, there is every probability of something being done, and that at a very early date.

We cannot help feeling upon this subject, however (admitting as we do frankly with Captain Gustave Lambert, that science should know no country, that nationalities in such matters are praiseworthy, not objectionable rivalries, like the vast armaments upheld for no purpose but to keep the whole able-bodied men of a country from industrious and wealth-creating labours), with General Sabine, who, in a letter to Captain Osborn, says: "To reach the Pole is the greatest geographical achievement which can be attempted, and I own I should grieve if it should be first accomplished by any other than an Englishman; it will be the crowning enterprise of those Arctic researches in which our country has hitherto had the pre-eminence." Petermann himself also admits that, when, some twenty-five years ago, the great French and American expeditions, under Captain D'Urville and Lieutenant Wilkes, were out in the Antarctic Seas, together with Sir James Ross, it was clearly seen that only the English were quite at home in the Polar element; they fearlessly went on with their important explorations for three consecutive years, whereas the other squadrons were always beaten back, in their attempts to penetrate towards the South Pole, after a comparatively short time. And surely, the Gotha geographer adds, where the wealth of the nation is so largely indebted to geographical discovery and knowledge, as is the case with England, some little return ought to be made to science. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, also admits that with a great area like the Polar regions at our very threshold, we

ought to find out all about it. He looked, indeed, upon reaching the North Pole as mere child's play in comparison with what had been already achieved, and he did not know why the British nation should not have the honour of completing the discovery. "We are all desirous," said Admiral Collinson, "that this expedition should take place, and look upon it as one that will add to the honour of the country." And Admiral Ommanney expressed his hopes that this country would never allow another nation to anticipate us in this great discovery, after all we have done in expeditions to the Arctic regions. Lady Franklin, whose gallant husband lies buried in the ices of the north, still insists, like a true Englishwoman, that "for the credit and honour of England, the exploration of the North Pole should not be left to any other country. It is the birthright and just inheritance of those who have gone through fifteen years of toil and risk in Arctic seas. The glory that yet remains to be gathered should be theirs; and can there be any moment so fitting as the present? Those accomplished Arctic navigators who have done so much already, are still young in years and ardour, though old and wise as patriarchs, by dint of observation and experience. What future generation will see the like?" Sir R. I. Murchison also says that it specially pertains to our nation, which, by the conduct of its bold and skillful voyagers, has delineated on the Map of the World the outlines of land and water over so large an area of the Arctic regions, to complete this grand survey, by an endeavour to hoist the union jack at the North Pole itself.

Captain Gustave Lambert, the projector of the French expedition, on the other hand, declares that, as a sailor, he would be wanting in a kind of duty of competence, if he did not express his fear of failure of an attempt made by way of Nova Zembla. "If I was to be given a vessel," he says, "with orders to follow that direction, I would go, but I would not go till September, and on leaving Spitzbergen to the right, and for no reason, I should also not dare to be responsible for anything!" The expression is not very clear, for if the gallant captain is alluding to Petermann's projected line between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, the latter would lie to the left, not to the right.

According to the same distinguished navigator, Captain Osborn's scheme is open to the objection, that leaving a ship at the entrance of Smith Sound, or at the wintering places of Kane and Hayes, as a basis for rallying and a point of refuge in case of acci-

dent, he would make his way in another vessel to the extremity of the sound, into Kane's open sea, a sea which he imagines to be a simple break in the great glacier which is by him supposed to envelop the Polar cap; he would proceed across this in sledges, which would necessitate, going and returning, forty-five days' travel at the least, at the rate of ten leagues per diem, with a heavy load of provisions and scientific instruments; and the explorers would have to make their way back to the first vessel before reaching the second.

Petermann, on the contrary, as we have seen, believes in an open Polar sea, and consequently in the breaking up of the ices at a favourable season; according to him, the Pole cannot be reached in sledges; such would be arrested by the same difficulties that Parry had to encounter in 1827; therefore the direction of the Gulf Stream, a vast current of warm water which sweeps round the north of Europe, should be followed, and which direction lies between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

It is to be observed in connexion with this supposed Polar prolongation of the Gulf Stream, that General Sabine, President of the Royal Society, called the attention of that learned body in November, 1864, to certain recent discoveries which attest the continuation of the tropical Gulf Stream to the shores of Nova Zembla, and to a communication from Professor Forchhammer, of Copenhagen, "a valuable contribution to a great subject—the History of the Sea"—in which by careful analysis it is shown that in the Atlantic Ocean the saline ingredients in the sea-water decrease with increasing depth. This is found to hold good even to extreme depths; and the existence of a Polar current in the depths of the Atlantic is hence inferred, since it is a well-established fact that the Equatorial seas are richer and the Polar seas poorer in saline ingredients.

Again, by analysis it has been proved that the current flowing down the east coast of Greenland has an equatorial and not a Polar origin—a mere recurring of the Gulf Stream after rounding Spitzbergen; and General Sabine goes on to suggest, "May it not be possible that the iceless sea teeming with animal life, described by Kane as viewed from the northern limit of his research, is, as he himself surmised, but an extension of the same equatorial stream which produces corresponding abnormal effects at every point to which its course has been traced?" and the worthy president of the Royal Society adds, "When physical researches shall be resumed within

the circle which surrounds the Pole, this, perhaps, will be one of the earliest problems to receive solution."

Captain Gustave Lambert combats this supposed northerly extension of the Gulf Stream. It is not, he says, known what becomes of it beyond the coast of Norway, and it certainly does not destroy the great ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, to which the French navigator gives a width of two hundred leagues. Captain Jansen of the Dutch navy, however, attributes the comparative mildness of the Spitzbergen climate to the Gulf Stream, but which, he says, does not reach Nova Zembla. Captain Lambert again, having in mind that a current flows from the north, bearing the ice to the south, as shown in Parry's expedition, and that it must have an origin somewhere, deems that it must be derived from one of the southerly currents which flow through Behring's Straits or the Spitzbergen Sea, turning back cold upon itself!

The French project relies, however, like the German one, upon the presumed existence of an open Polar sea, and that in a region which is untouched by the Gulf Stream, although it may have its Pacific equivalent. The existence of a vast extent of free Polar sea, it is argued, is affirmed by considerations relative to the currents and flows of the sea. The circumpolar ocean, it is argued, is probably entirely frozen over during the winter season; but the amount of heat poured over the Pole by the summer sun would also lead us to believe, according to the laws of insolation, that a general break-up takes place in the months of June and July. After effectuating the passage of Behring's Straits not earlier than in July, the route to be taken must be to the west, past Cape Serdze, and North Cape of Cook, the extreme point attained by that great navigator. Arrived at this point, it is presumed that the expedition will find itself engaged amidst loose floating ice, through which the vessel must be carried even if the most continuous ice-fields had to be cut with saws or blown up with gunpowder. The expedition will then find itself in the Polynia, a free and open sea discovered by Hedenström in 1810, and since visited by Wrangel and Anjou from 1823 to 1825. V. A. Maltebrun, in a work recently published — "Les Trois Projets, Anglais, Allemand, Français, d'Exploration au Pôle Nord" — has, it appears from a notice in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, adduced the further testimony of Baron von Schilling, of the Russian navy, in favour of the existence of this Siberian Polynia. Fur-

ther testimony in favour of its existence may be derived from the paragraph which has had the run of the papers, coming from one of the Pacific Islands, and which related the voyage of an American whaler in the same open sea, when the coast of a very extensive and high land was followed to a considerable distance. This is possibly the northern prolongation of the land discovered north of Behring's Straits by Captain Kellett of the *Herald* and Captain Moore of the *Plover* in 1848. The point at which Captain Kellett landed rose to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and the gallant captain says he felt certain that they had discovered an extensive land, and he deemed it more than probable that the peaks they saw were a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakon and mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.

The French expedition having then, according to Captain Gustave Lambert, reached the Siberian Polynia at the very point where Wrangel's sledge was stopped by open water, "which separated the thin and flat fragments of ice," it will have nothing to do but to sail to the North Pole, with all the resources accumulated in the ship not only in regard to instruments of observation, but also to provisions, and even to comfort.

If we admit, says Captain Gustave Lambert, the existence of an open sea frozen over in the winter months, but broken up in summer, Captain Osborn's project would be only practicable in winter. Human energy might overcome the difficulties presented in carrying it out even amid the rigorous cold which exists at that time, but if human curiosity can be gratified by such an expedition in as far as the Pole is concerned, a very small harvest of scientific observations can be gathered.

The route advocated by Petermann has, again, according to the French navigator, opposed to it the enormous barrier of ice, of great thickness, and which, resting upon Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, stretches to the Siberian Polynia. The want of success which has attended upon the numerous attempts made by that route, not less than "the mountains of ice" accumulated in those seas in the midst of flat floes of marine origin, must lead us to apprehend a new failure. According to the adage which Captain Lambert has formulated for himself "Fuir les terres" — "Avoid the neighbourhood of land" — ought to be the device of Polar navigators. So also English navigators, Admiral Ommanney among others, who participate in the general opinion of

Petermann, would still rather hold by the route taken by Parry in 1827, but without abandoning the ship, and with the establishment of an important centre for revictualling on the north of Spitzbergen. But it might be remarked upon these objections that, granting an open sea north of the eastern extremity of Siberia, we do not know how soon it may be limited to the westward by a barrier of ice resting upon Capes Tcheliouskin and Liakov, or New Siberia, or how far it may be limited by ice resting upon Plover and Herald lands, the extent of which appears to be so much greater than was at first supposed, and which may render the approach to the Pole in that direction, except in sledges, more difficult than even from Greenland or Grinnell Land. Should an open sea present itself beyond these latter points, there would be no reason for an expedition as projected by Captain Osborn abandoning its ship. It would, in fact, be as near the Pole and as far advanced in the open sea, supposed to wash the Polar cap, as Captain Lambert would be long after he had forced his way by saw and gunpowder through the outer ice-belt, and with less chance of meeting further unknown obstacles. It is curious to find two experienced navigators like Captain Osborn and Lambert, from contemplating the difficulties to be encountered in a different point of view, the one heralding the prolongation of land to the north as a most desirable thing, the other proclaiming that to avoid the neighbourhood of land should be the axiom of every Polar navigator.

Mr. Lamont, who has passed two summers in Spitzbergen, says that the Norwegian walrus-hunters scouted the very idea of the existence of an open Polar sea. On the other hand, Captain Jansen believes, from a careful digest of the records of early Dutch navigators, that there is open water at the Pole in summer, but not in winter, and that the disruption of the ice, and its movements induced by currents and gales of wind, make sledge expeditions less practicable and more dangerous, in case there is no land from 82 deg. to the Pole. Mr. Markham—a strong supporter of Captain Osborn's scheme—believes that the so-called "Polynias," or "open seas" of the Russians, are nothing more than what are called "water-holes" by English Arctic explorers. The theory of an open Polar sea had its origin in the remarkable journey of Baron Wrangel from the coast of Asia. It received confirmation in the exploration that was undertaken by Sir Edward Belcher to the northward of Parry Islands; and further, again, in the open water that was

seen by Morton, in Kane's voyage, beyond the northernmost point that had yet been reached in Greenland. Admiral Collinson seems, like Captain Osborn and Mr. Markham, to doubt if these are not simply open holes, rather than extensive seas.

Captain Lambert remarks that only one attempt has been made to navigate the route which he advocates, and that was by Captain Cook. This great Englishman, he says, deemed it prudent, on account of the fogs and storms of September, to return and winter in the Sandwich Islands, from whence to renew his efforts the next year. Unfortunately he fell a victim to the treachery of the natives, and this sad disaster alone prevented him, according to Captain Lambert, reaching the North Pole, although his object was directed to reaching the Atlantic by the north of Siberia and Europe. The explorations of Wrangel and Anjou have, according to the same writer, determined some of the limits of the Polynia—a constantly or permanently open sea, according to some, and the presumed existence of which serves as the basis to his project. These explorations have not, however, unfortunately, he admits, determined its limits.

An objection, it appears, has also been made to the French project, on the ground of the long preliminary distance which has to be traversed between France and Behring's Straits; but Captain Lambert pronounces it to be a mere "promenade maritime," the only inconveniences of which lie in loss of time and increase of expense. In the special point of view of the proposed campaign, he indeed argues that this inconvenience would be more than compensated for by the opportunity it would present of becoming well acquainted with the crew, "and of disembarking at the Sandwich Islands all such as should not feel themselves equal to struggling against greater obstacles." Starting in February, 1869, Captain Lambert expects, proceeding by Cape Horn, to be in the Polynia in July, and at the North Pole in August of the same year.

It has been further asked, What is there to be done at the North Pole? What object of interest or utility is there to be gained by reaching that point of the globe? The reply to such a question is far more difficult and comprehensive than appears on the surface. It requires, indeed, some preliminary acquaintance with the physical sciences to be able to appreciate the nature, value, and importance of these objects.

The first point is to determine the position of the ideal axis round which the earth

moves in a sidereal day, and which has never undergone any known mutation. That is to say, that supposing the poles to vary in their sidereal position, as advocated by some scientific men, in order to account for certain climatic and geological phenomena, still the position of the poles themselves with regard to the terrestrial globe cannot vary. The axis of rotation cannot but be as a rigid bar or straight line, extending from one pole to the other. Debarred of the use of the great and costly instruments of a fixed observatory, an expedition arriving at the North Pole would deem itself fortunate if—the point being on land—it could determine the position within three hundred yards or five hundred yards of its true situation. But Captain Lambert believes that if on land a bar of iron, bearing the French flag could, after some corrections for possible errors, be planted in the line of the actual prolongation of the terrestrial axis. If the North Pole should be capped with solid ice, an almost equal precision might be arrived at; but if open water, and the expedition shall be able to place itself within one or two thousand yards of the point sought for, it may be deemed to have attained a great success.

The stars neither rising nor setting, but describing circles above the horizon which are parallel to the Boreal Celestial Pole, there would be no time but that of place—no term of longitude—and if the chronometers were left unwound, their absolute state could be easily recovered. A vertical line becomes at such a spot an equatorial gnomon or dial, upon which the movement of the solar or lunar shadows marks the progress of time. The planets would appear according to their declensions or distances from the equator, the sun would remain six months above the horizon, six months below it, whilst the moon would be visible for fifteen days in the month, and invisible for the other fifteen. Such would be the spectacle presented to a person stationed at the Pole, where a common theodolite might be made to serve all the purposes of an equatorial.

Dr. Hayes, it is well known, swung a pendulum and noted its vibrations in Smith Sound, where he determined an amount of flattening equal to 1.372, different to the generally received opinion. Captain Lambert is having constructed a pendulum of invariable length, by a pupil of Bréguet's, which he hopes to swing at the North Pole, and if the celebrated experiment of M. Foucault is repeated at that point, the pendulum will be observed to traverse the en-

tire circle of the horizon in the course of a single day. From what experience we have had of the fatigue attendant upon noting the vibrations of a pendulum in a temperate climate, our zeal for science scarcely goes so far as to envy an observer at the North Pole.

Meteorology, only recently placed on a scientific footing by the researches of Humboldt, Sabine, Maury, Fitzroy, and others, would have much to gain by an expedition to the North Pole; the more so as in the present day the general aspect of physical science is undergoing a transformation, from the tendency now general among observers to study the co-relation of forces, formerly looked upon as independent. Every new inquiry, indeed, tends more and more to establish the great fact that all these forces are only manifestations of one and the same cause—motion; this motion being produced under heterogeneous conditions, which engender the divergence of the apparent results.

The late Sir David Brewster, by examining the inflexions of the isothermal lines, found that two series united at certain points; and he was thus enabled to establish the existence of two poles of extreme cold, one situated north of the American continent, the other north of Siberia. Captain Lambert, who uses the term *insolation* to express the quantity of heat cast by the sun in different places, at different seasons, and different hours—the expression corresponding, in fact, to our term radiation—thinks that he has discovered, not only the cause of the constant temperature under the equator, and the variable temperature at the Poles, but also a zone of minimum cold below the 80th degree of latitude. There is much still to be done in this direction.

The magnetic or electro-magnetic axis, poles, and equator, and all its attendant meridians and parallels, do not, it is well known, correspond to the terrestrial axis, poles, and equator. The dip is nil at the equator, and attains an angle of 90 deg. at the two magnetic poles. The direction of the parallels is only to be determined by following out the lines of equal dip—a labour in which much has been done, but in which much still remains to be accomplished. It is the same with regard to the intensity of the electro-magnetic force, as measured by the number of vibrations of a needle in a given time. If the magnetic pole was stationary, like the terrestrial pole, the meridian furnished by an imaginary line carried from one pole to the other might be made to constitute a natural meridian, which

could be made to supersede the absurdity of maps being constructed as they are at present, with the longitudes marked in degrees instead of time, as they should be, from Greenwich and Paris. But the electro-magnetic pole, having to depend for its existence upon the co-relation of forces, is a variable point, and therefore unsuited for such a common meridian. The magnetic equator itself presents abrupt breaks or solutions of continuity, the intensities vary to a still more remarkable degree, and the variation, or the angle formed by the needle with the magnetic meridian, presents two extreme points — one in Siberia, the other in the Pacific — between the Sandwich Islands and Tahiti. This is no more than is to be expected of phenomena dependent on the motion of forces influenced by heat and nature of soil, and not of a fixed character, like the terrestrial axis. Recent researches tend more and more to establish a relationship, always believed in, although not at first corroborated by actual observation, between the aurora borealis, mostly seen in regions of extreme cold between the 70th and 80th parallels, and electro-magnetic forces. Captain Lambert also hopes to do much towards determining the relations of terrestrial magnetism and terrestrial heat, or *insolation*, as he terms it. So enthusiastic, indeed, is the French projector of an expedition to the North Pole, that he avers that a complete observatory established at the Pole would give an impetus to physical science equal to what can only be expected in the course of a century under less advantageous circumstances.

General Sabine, the senior living officer of those who accompanied Ross and Parry in their early explorations of the Arctic zone, and who collected in Spitzbergen, Melville Island, and East Greenland those valuable data in terrestrial magnetism which have subsequently led to the construction of the beautiful charts which exhibit the declination, inclination, and intensity of the magnetic force over the globe's surface (a wonderful reduction of scientific data to good useful purposes, as Captain Osborn declares, which every sailor can appreciate and be thankful for), is little less sanguine of valuable results to be obtained to science by Polar expeditions. His interest attaches itself, however, more particularly to the Spitzbergen Seas, in which the Swedish government are carrying out that measurement of an arc of the meridian, the value and importance of which the learned general had urged forty years ago upon the attention of the British public, which he had planned the means of executing, and which he ardently

desired to be permitted to carry out personally.

General Sabine's original interesting paper upon the measurement of this arc was addressed to Mr. Gilbert, M. P., vice-president of the Royal Society in 1826. In it he pointed out the facility offered by Spitzbergen for a measurement of an arc of the meridian extending over nearly four and a half degrees of latitude, stating that the value of this measurement, in the latitude of Spitzbergen, towards deducing the proportion of the polar and equatorial diameters by its combination with an arc near the equator, "was most important;" and he added that its value would be equivalent to an arc in Lapland of six times the extent of the arc measured by the French Academicians. Captain Osborn urges, in favour of his project, that every arrangement might be made for a measurement of four degrees of the meridian upon the shores of Smith Sound. One of the ships being left about Cape Isabella and the other pushed on to Cape Parry, the intervening space would comprise rather more than four degrees; and during the summer season, whilst the Polar Expedition was absent, there could be no more profitable way of occupying those left in charge of the ships, than in doing such a work as measuring an arc; the ice of the strait affording considerable facilities for such an undertaking; and especial provision in the expedition might be made for such persons as were well qualified to execute it.

Icebergs being a creation of land, subject to the same laws which have been so ably developed in modern times with regard to the glaciers of Switzerland and Norway, and abounding most in the Antarctic Ocean, Captain Lambert argues that there is land at the South Pole, water at the North Pole. But as there are mountains in the Himalaya which rise to an elevation exceeding that to which vapours rise, and which must consequently have bare rocky summits void of snow, so it might be questioned if there is not an amount of cold at the poles which might be unfavourable to the formation of glaciers, and consequently of icebergs, whose true country appears rather to be between the parallels of 75 deg. and 85 deg. north or south latitudes.

It has been supposed by some that the accumulation of ice at the poles, and sudden changes occurring in its accumulation, distribution, and breaking up, may affect the position of the axis of rotation, and consequently the climate of the terrestrial globe. Mr. Hamilton, for example, pointed out the well-known fact that the flora and

fauna of the buried worlds indicate a much warmer climate in the Arctic and Temperate zones than anything we are acquainted with in the present day, and that therefore it would be a matter of great interest to see these northern regions geologically explored! This is about as childish as Mr. Lubbock's support granted to the same undertaking, upon the ground that recent researches having shown that man, in the earlier times of which we have any relics, appears to have been not only a savage, but a savage living under Arctic conditions. Therefore, the native tribes who might be observed on the projected expedition were precisely those who would have the greatest interest for us at the present moment. Savages living under Arctic conditions could be studied, as Admiral Fitzroy once pointed out, but without a correct sense of what constitutes geologico-archæological progression, at Terra del Fuego, without the difficulties of a Polar expedition. Mr. Markham traces the Esquimaux races, or Skraelings (dwarfs) of the Northmen, to Asiatics expelled by Zenghiz Khan, and who in their turn drove out the Northmen. Mr. Lubbock believes that they are races driven north by the Red Indians, for they were found in Labrador a hundred and fifty years before the time of Zenghiz Khan. Mr. Crawford, the president of the Ethnological Society, does not believe in the settlement of Northmen on the coast of Greenland in the ninth century; and, he argues, the ancient Runic inscriptions and church bells found in the country came from sea-rovers, adventurers, and pirates, who only settled there occasionally! Interesting as such questions unquestionably are in an ethnological point of view, they have little to do with the main objects of a Polar expedition, and can only be considered as subjects of collateral inquiry. It is possible, indeed, to so swamp the great objects of an expedition with preliminary, collateral, and subsidiary inquiries, as to delay, embarrass, and even endanger the success of the main objects. This has occurred in more than one instance.

Captain Lambert spiritedly contests the geological theory of a change of climate induced by a supposed mutation in the position of the axis of the earth. He looks upon the additional weight of glaciers as totally inadequate to produce the phenomenon in question. Nor does he attach much more importance to the theory of deluges, ice-marks, and buried mammoths induced by lunar perturbations. It is certain, however, that there has been a change of climate — a change which, according to some,

has been slow, steady, and progressive; but the laws of which can scarcely be expected to be materially developed by an expedition to the North Pole.

It is different in regard to natural history. Real and important results might be brought about by the projected Polar expeditions, and the exploration of the Polynias or open seas of Siberia and Greenland, by discovering new and extensive fields for whale fishery. Bow-heads, and devil fish, as the Americans call them, are probably to be met with all around the Polar circle.* The food of the Arctic whales, like that of the walrus, a partly herbivorous mammal, is supposed to consist mainly of small red crustaceans, which abound in these seas. This is a point worth examining; but be that as it may, it is a well-established fact that the Polar seas are peculiarly rich in the lower organisms of life. Professor Owen has also pointed out a more curious than important fact, that a rare and solitary form of the manatee, a warm-blooded animal allied to the whale tribe, but very different in form, and having something human in its physiognomy and in its habit of swimming — mermaid-like — with its young clasped to its breast, named by Russian naturalists the rhytina, inhabited the icy sea of Siberia within the last century, and he deems it within the bounds of probability that this animal, or some allied form, might be found within the retired waters of the Pole. The small number of these river cows, as they have been called, that are known still to live on the earth, are now met with only in tropical latitudes; but in Europe these strange creatures have been found only in a fossil state in middle tertiary strata. But in other respects, as the learned professor justly remarked, pure zoological science had little to expect in comparison with the general scientific results that we might hope to attain from the proposed explorations.

There can be no question, taken in any point of view, that it is desirable that the projected expeditions to the North Pole should be carried out: — two English, at least — one by Smith Sound, the other by Spitzbergen; one German, by Spitzbergen; and one French, by Behring's Straits. Captain Gustave Lambert, appealing to his countrymen, dwells upon the sad contrast presented by the millions wasted in those great national duels — which have not, he says, even the excuse of ordinary duels — with the miserably small sums devoted to the pursuit of science. It is, indeed, this

* The American whale fisheries in Behring's Straits amounted in two years to the enormous value of 8,000,000 dollars.

mistaken opposition placed by the spirit of war to the spirit of peace which alone leads him to apprehend that he may not be allowed "to assist at the grandiose spectacle of such a scientific steeple-chase."

England, adds the Frenchman, eloquent and enthusiastic in a noble cause, would (at such a steeple-chase) enrich the golden book of its maritime glories by one more name. The stars of the American union, the country of Maury, would once more be lit up by those long days respected by the night. Dr. Hayes is, he feels certain, ready to begin again. Holland, once the queen of the seas; the three Scandinavian kingdoms; Russia, whose icy shores are bathed by the Polynia, would give worthy successors to the Barentzes, the Behrings, the Krusensterns, the Wrangels, and Anjous. Learned Germany would take its rank under the impulse of Augustus Petermann. Already, thanks to Rosenthal of Bremen, that fiction has assumed a body, become a reality. The country of Barthélemy Diaz, of Vasco de Gama, and of Magellan, would take its place in the race, and there would be no reason to dread that the giant Adamastor should bar the passage seated on a rock. Young Italy would remember that illustrious Genoese who under the Spanish flag inscribed the immortal date of October 14, 1492, in the records of humanity. "And for us, gentlemen," he says, in conclusion, "if I do not enumerate the brilliant stars of our naval crown, it is because I wish to leave to the German Petermann the honour of having brought to light the riches of the French maritime scroll."

"Ah! if such a tournament was to be really inaugurated, although science knows no country, what Frenchman would not formulate ardent vows and join in the most energetic efforts to ensure that the French expedition to the North Pole should arrive first, distancing its competitors in the race, were it only by a ship's length?"

From The London Review.

A BOOK ABOUT SPAIN.*

THIS book is a collection of letters, written by a lady who resided in Spain during the interval between September, 1863, and April, 1866, to her friends in England, relating what she saw there and what she thought of it. If letters of this kind are written by a moderately clever woman who has no theories, and who will form her

* *La Corte: Letters from Spain.* By a Resident There. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

judgments with some allowance for difference of manners, customs, education, and many other influences in those on whom she descents, they are likely to be interesting, as giving a faithful account of scenes, persons, places, habits, and so forth, according as they impressed the writer. It is of course very possible that she may not have understood them, or that she may have judged them by a standard which ought not to be of universal application. Still the sincere evidence of an eye-witness is always more or less valuable; and ignorance or prejudice are so likely to make themselves known, that an ordinarily acute reader will be able to detect their presence. The lady who has written the letters collected in this book may be put down at once as a prejudiced writer. It is clear that, either through want of mental training, or such consideration as would make up for her deficiency in this respect, she is incapable of getting out of herself and freeing herself from previous impressions sufficiently to form a correct idea of Spanish life. But we must do her the justice to say that this may be in a great measure owing to the form in which she noted down her opinions, and that it is not, as far as we can see, the result of that ingrained prejudice which is to nationality what bigotry is to religion. She is evidently both a clever and a genial woman, and when we have got over the itinerary with whose small particulars almost all books of travel bore us, we do not find a dull page in the whole volume. We said that the writer is a clever woman. That is true; but we must distinguish between her cleverness and that inane smartness and pertness in which lady travellers so frequently indulge. We must observe, too, that as she becomes more proficient in the language of the country, and has better opportunities of judging of the inhabitants by mixing with them, she is more disposed to speak well of them. At page 217 we have the following passage:—

"I am very glad to have an opportunity of going into a little society among the Spaniards, and I like them very much—that is to say, the women; for the men I do not like at all. From the time they emerge from petticoats into cloth clothes, they have more than the ordinary impudence of a grown-up man, and as 'pollos' they are insufferable,—it is only the old *mepa* who are at all nice, and not very many of them. But the ladies have exceedingly pleasant, frank manners, like those of Irishwomen, and they, one and all, seem wonderfully free from affectation. There were a great many pretty girls in the room the other evening, but I did not see one who was conceited. Fernan Caballero, the

best Spanish novelist of the present day, has a long dissertation in one of her books (I think ‘Clemencia’) on the simplicity of the Spanish women, who, she says, never practice dissimulation, or attempt to appear other than they are; and she goes on to hope that this frankness and absence of pretension will not be driven out by French manners, as the ‘saya’ and ‘mantilla’ have already given way before the invasion of French bonnets and mantles ‘without our women remembering that each artificial grace deprives them of a real one, each affection of a charm, and that from graceful and fresh natural flowers they will convert themselves into stiff and formal artificial ones.’

“ I do not think this eulogium is overdrawn; the Spanish women are, as she says, free from any attempt to appear anything but what they are, and it is a great charm in them; but it is like the innocence of Eve,—it never seems to occur to them that they could be improved; they are so perfectly satisfied with themselves as they are that there is nothing to wish for—nothing to affect.”

It was about this time (the autumn of 1865) that the writer was acquiring the power of judging the people more accurately than when she first entered Spain. She had been two years in the country and was beginning to understand the language. Here is her experience with regard to Spanish marriages:—

“ Marriages are conducted very differently from ours. If the ceremony is performed in church, the bride and all the ladies are dressed in black, for which reason fashionable people are now introducing the custom of being married in the house, where they can display a more lively costume. The marriage takes place in the evening, and I believe the newly-married couple do not leave the bride’s house, except when the husband’s house is in the same town; but they do not go off on a wedding-tour in any circumstances. A second ceremony of some sort takes place in the church, but it need not follow immediately on the other; and, indeed, it is considered enough if it is performed any time before the birth of the first child.

“ It is at this religious rite that the ring is given, if given at all; but it is no part of the ceremony, and you see quite as many Spanish wives without a wedding-ring as with,—nor when worn is it by any means generally a plain gold one, as with us, but oftener a fancy ring of some sort. The bride provides all the house linen for the new establishment, and is expected to give her husband, as a wedding-gift, at least six new shirts, which are generally extremely fine and elaborately embroidered. Among the poorer classes the wife provides the bed and bedding. The husband assists in furnishing the bride’s trousseau, giving her, generally, all her most handsome dresses, including the wedding-dress itself when the ceremony is to be performed

in the house, and she can appear in something sufficiently gorgeous.

“ Fernan Caballero devotes some pages in one of her novels to show how very preferable is the Spanish mode of conducting marriages, and how very abominable is the practice of English brides and bridegrooms in starting off on a journey among strangers on the day of their wedding: exposing themselves, as she says, ‘to the jeers of postillions and stable-boys,’ instead of remaining among friends. But, alas for Spain! which this extremely conservative writer would fain warn against the malpractices of other countries, it is already becoming ‘the thing’ for fashionable people to spend their honeymoon or, as the Spaniards have it, ‘eat their wedding-cake,’ in a tour of some sort.

“ Although marriages are frequently made up entirely by parents and guardians, and, in some cases, without the two people most interested in the arrangement having even seen each other, custom, or law, gives a woman much more power in Spain in these matters than in England. If she does not approve of the choice made for her, and her parents wish to coerce her, she has only to apply for protection to a magistrate, who will even take her out of her father’s house if she wishes it, until she is of age and her own mistress. But, more than that, if a girl wishes to marry a man whom her parents disapprove, however good may be their reasons for refusing their consent, she has only to place herself under the protection of the magistrates to set them at defiance,—nor have they, I believe, any power to deprive her of the portion, which by Spanish law falls to her share, of the family property. Nor are the Spanish ladies slow to avail themselves of this liberty. I have heard of several marriages which have been made in this way, and of one case where the first intimation the father received of his daughter’s engagement was a notice from a neighbouring magistrate that she was about to be married. In another case, a daughter left her mother’s house, because she would not consent to her marriage with a man without income, and considerably beneath her in rank, and was married from that of the magistrate; the mother at the last, however, could not resist sending her a wedding-dress and going to see the ceremony.

“ Many of these matches are made up from chance meetings in the street or theatre, and the wooing is carried on through the ‘reja,’ or the balcony, after the family are all in bed; or by means of a clandestine correspondence, under cover to the maid. This is the natural result of the extreme strictness which is outwardly observed in their conduct, no unmarried lady being allowed to entertain a gentleman alone for a moment; nor are engaged couples, under any circumstances, left alone together. A Spanish lady, who was staying in England for some time, quarrelled and separated from an English girl, who had been one of her dearest friends, because, when at some flower-show or fête, she and one of the gentlemen of the party became accident-

ally separated from the rest, and walked home together, arriving some five minutes later than the others ; and on telling Henry the story, she expressed her very great astonishment at finding that the parents of the girl could see no harm in what she had done, and actually upheld her."

It is to be hoped that there are few women in the Peninsula so much to be commiserated as her Majesty its Queen. If she has been belied by those who have held her up to the scorn of the world, she has been much wronged. If she has not been belied she is still, if all accounts are true, greatly to be pitied. The writer of these letters gives upon the whole a more generous view of her character and position than has usually been taken of it : —

" I do not know," she writes, " if I have told you anything of the Queen. She is exactly like her photographs, except that you must add to them a nose and lips that look as if newly stung by a wasp. The first time I saw her was in the opera, and then she wore a dress of cherry-coloured and black satin, in stripes about six inches wide, — you may imagine it was not very becoming to her.

" She has, however, a frank, pleasing expression, which makes you fancy she must have been comely enough when she was young ; and her manners are said to be singularly agreeable, and without queenly. Every one says that after you have been a short time in her company you forget what she is in the charm of her manner. Among the lower classes and the country people she is popular, for she is extremely religious, — I use the word advisedly, — and is very generous and easy of access. This may account for the praise which Caballero, that most (Roman) Catholic of writers, lavishes on her; but in Madrid I never saw much evidence of popularity. When the last baby was born, I went to see the procession to the Atocha to present the little creature to the Virgin. The Prado was filled with the carriages of the grandees, each with their six or eight horses, with coloured plumes. Then came the foreign ministers and all the great people, in full gala dress; and the Queen's riding-horses, magnificently caparisoned, and led by grooms clothed in gold tissue. Lastly, after all the Infantes and Infantas had passed in state carriages, came the great gilt coach, containing the Queen and King, and the Asturian nurse holding the baby. A few listless, uninterested-looking people were lounging on the Prado, nothing approaching to a crowd; but they took no sort of notice of the royal party, not even raising a hat as the Queen bowed from side to side. One heard a few half-joking, half-growling remarks on the position of the King, and whispered hints that the right man was not in the right place, and that was all. I believe the Spanish people were never in the habit of cheering their sovereigns, but they

appeared to me on this occasion to treat the most *piadosa* Isabel with positive rudeness.

" Whatever the Queen may be, however, she never had a fair chance of being an honest woman, and she is at least as much sinned against as sinning. In her younger days, I believe, she was regularly encouraged and trained in all sorts of excesses by her mother, who was anxious to keep the power in her own hands by any means within reach.

" The king looks like a little boy who has been very well whipped, and he is almost lost to sight behind his wife's portly figure. He is always spoken of with the greatest contempt, and is called '*Paquito*,' the extreme diminutive of Francisco. He is a meagre, weak-looking little man, with a high treble voice, which makes him still more ridiculous.

" They tell a story of him here, that at the time of the African war, O'Donnell was talking to the queen about it, and she, becoming very enthusiastic, cried out, '*Ay, si yo fuere hombre, yo iría !*' ' Ah, if I only were a man, I would go too.' — '*Y yo también.*' ' And so would I,' squeaked the king."

Our author was in Madrid during Prim's abortive attempt to get at the head of affairs, and describes what came to her knowledge of it in a chapter which has an historical interest, and is also amusing. She gives O'Donnell credit for his moderation under the circumstances, and does not seem to have formed a high opinion of the conduct of the Progresistas, nor yet of the people, of whom she says that they " appear perfectly unconcerned : to shrug their shoulders is the utmost sign of interest they give. They do not," she continues, " care a straw which side wins, so long as they have plenty of paper cigars, and can take the sun in peace and quietness." Writing on January 19, 1866, she says : —

" We are still in the same pleasant state of uncertainty here : still under martial law, and I, at least, am unable to get out any distance from home, for it is not safe for ladies to be in the street now on account of the ' runs ' which are always taking place. Every day since Prim went out we have been told in the strictest confidence that the revolution was to begin that night. The porter of the house has been in a chronic state of terror, and is always closing the outer gates and rushing up with a white face to tell us there is firing going on in some of the streets. For the first ten days we were always going into the balcony to listen for this same firing, and two nights, when it had seemed unusually certain the great event was to come off, we sat up till two or three o'clock in the morning; but after so many false cries of ' wolf ' we have become quite savage, and have posted up a notice over the mirror in the drawing-room, ' Il est défendu de parler de la révolution.' One night

an alarm was given, and in a few minutes all the theatres and the opera-house were emptied, the people flying home as best they might — of course, it was nothing; and you have no notion how extremely absurd it is to see one of these runs. First come cabs and carriages rattling past at full gallop, then a troop of men tearing along with their long cloaks flying behind them, making them look like terrified bats; after every one is safely housed, and not a living soul is to be seen in the streets but the inevitable civil guards, they begin to ask each other what they were running for — ‘Because you ran,’ is the only answer; but who first begins to scamper no one seems to know.”

A day will come for Spain, but she must bide her time. Meanwhile we welcome such volumes as the one before us. It does not pretend to much, but it realizes rather more than it promises. It deals with superficialities, but deals sincerely with them, and, upon the whole, truly.

From The Fortnightly Review.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

In the two volumes which his young countryman, Count Maffei, has just brought out in marvellously correct and idiomatic English, we have D'Azeleglio's experiences, from the earliest reminiscences of his childhood up to the very period in which his political career may be said to have begun. With respect to his exploits as a patriotic warrior and statesman, we are dependent on such information as his editor and translator has supplied us, both in the notes and in an excellent introduction. That is the history of D'Azeleglio's life, and it is easily to be made out of the pages of recent Italian annals; but, in these volumes, we have the romance of that life, the romance of the whole life; we have the inmost soul of the man, its aspirations no less than its regrets, the revelation of the motives which influenced action or which determined inaction, — a full confession of what was done and what was left undone, the thought everywhere given as complement to the deed.

The book of memoirs was undertaken when the writer was sixty-five years old; when he felt that he had done with existence, and what was left to him was a period of blank retirement — a foretaste of the grave. The *compte rendu* is final; it gives the last results and conclusions beyond any chance of revision — the writer's convictions, as it were, stiffened in death. D'Azeleglio died in January, 1866. He was far in his last days from foreseeing the portentous vicissi-

tudes by which, only six months later, the coping-stone was laid on that edifice of Italian nationality, at the foundation of which he had himself so powerfully laboured. D'Azeleglio could not have foretold Sadowa; he had not preconceived Solferino. Indeed, those two battles fought by foreigners to rid Italy of the presence of foreigners were not merely out of his reckonings; they were also out of his wishes. His motto was that of Charles Albert, and of 1848, “Italy shall manage for herself.” Revolution, in his conceit, should be the result of regeneration; the change should be moral and social no less than political. The Italians should first have aspired to be men. That being accomplished, the whole world could not have prevented their being free-men. That not being accomplished, the whole world could not have made them more than freedmen. Therein, we believe, is the key to D'Azeleglio's mind, and to the book which is its immediate emanation. Italy and fortune, in his estimation, had achieved wonders. They had conquered their king and dynasty; they had blotted out Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and Naples; they had beggared the Pope; they had — two-and-twenty millions of them — proclaimed Italy “one and indivisible;” they had accomplished what seemed to him impossible, what hardly appeared to him desirable. Only what victory had they achieved over themselves? What had they done towards what he deemed so easy, towards what he had so long urged and would have enforced, towards the rehabilitation of their moral character? That was the question he put to himself and to them; a question that remains to be answered. Had even D'Azeleglio not died in sight of the land of promise, had he lived to see the last Austrian driven from the Quadrilateral, the burden of his song would still have been the same. The Italians might have Venice as they had had Milan. They could get Rome as they had got Venice. But what had they done, what were they doing, to put themselves into such a position as to feel sure that what the foreigner had given, the foreigner could never take away? What proofs had they given, or were they giving, of their aptitude for self-defence or self-government?

It was with a view to inculcate upon his countrymen the necessity of a moral revolution that D'Azeleglio laid before them the narrative of that change that had been wrought upon himself, for he also had been one of them; and no sermon, he conceived, could be more efficacious than the example of the reclaimed sinner. Could every Italian be made into a D'Azeleglio, he reasoned

— most unconsciously, for nothing was more alien from his nature than the slightest shadow of pharisaic pride — Italy might hope to secure by valour what had been bestowed upon her by fortune.

Born with the very dawn of the present century, Massimo D'Azeglio constituted a connecting link between Old and New Italy. Brought up in a society in which the word Frenchman was synonymous with liberal, and that of Austrian with conservative, he belonged to a family distinguished for its heroic loyalty to the House of Savoy, and was the son of a nobleman who had devoted himself to the service of his native princes, and had been involved in their ruin. But, although the young Massimo grew up among this reactionary party at a time in which their fidelity and sufferings entitled them to respect and sympathy, although he had before him the example of the exceptionally high character of his father, he was not slow in perceiving the hopeless rottenness of that decrepit society; and when, upon its recovering its ascendancy, nothing would have been easier for him than to share its honours and privileges, he gave himself no rest till he had broken with his caste at once and for ever; and, strongly attached as he was to his family, and not a stranger to the worst dissipations which constituted high life in the Piedmontese capital for a few years after the restoration, he found courage in his heart to begin life again, upon that ground of self-dependence which alone, as he fancied, could entitle him to self-respect; he turned his back upon home and country, and removed to Rome, almost penniless, with a settled determination to earn his bread as a landscape-painter.

As he voluntarily stepped down among the lower ranks of society, with a heart warming to the sons of toil whose fellowship he had courted, he soon perceived, however, that there was in that unfortunate Italy of his "in the lowest deep a lower deep," that the atmosphere of Rome was a hundred times more corrupt than that of Turin, and that the lower strata of both were by no means less mephitic than the upper ones. His first feeling was "despair at being a noble;" his second, "shame at being an Italian." The sight of the English in Rome was particularly galling to him, and for a good reason. "Their cold bearing, the quiet self-possessed pride written on their faces," he says, "all seemed invented on purpose to mortify me, to make me feel my inferiority, to give me to understand that when a country has for centuries belonged to whoever chose to take pos-

session of it, a native of that country may be tolerated by foreigners, but as to being on terms of equality with them — never." Nothing could be more salutary than "this sense of humiliation, which," as he soon adds, "kept him sad company almost through life," and which strangely contrasted with the conceit of Gioberti, who wrote a book to vindicate for his countrymen the first rank among nations, or that of Mazzini, who was sure that Italy has twice ruled the world, and that her turn could not fail to come for the third time.

Strong and active as this instinct of the necessity for his own regeneration and that of his country at all times was in the depth of D'Azeglio's heart, it did not prevent him from keeping up a genial, sympathetic appearance, which gained him easy admittance into every rank of society, and insured his popularity wherever he appeared. There was nothing in the least stern or forbidding in his austerity. With a handsome countenance, a commanding person, a consummate blandness and courtesy of address, he combined a readiness of humour, dry and caustic, which to a great extent enabled him not only to touch pitch without too much defiling himself, but even without altogether dissembling his disgust at the contact. He was in the world, yet not of it. Nothing can be more repulsive, yet nothing more amusing, than the candour and simplicity with which he paints the interior of that shocking Roman society. There was nothing in it that he could believe in, revere, or love; nothing in its religious, political, or domestic relations in which his upright mind could seek a refuge against utter desolation; but he had another world of his own, a world of thought and work, into which he could withdraw at his pleasure; he had his own sense of right, his hidden purpose, which not only bade him not to give in to evil, but even to turn his knowledge of evil into a means of eventually grappling with it.

It was only upon quitting Rome, however, after spending the ten best years of his life between the toils of the apprenticeship of his art and the follies of his attachment to an unworthy object — it was only upon returning to his northern latitudes of Turin and Milan that he seemed to become aware that he had a mission, and dedicated himself in all earnestness to its fulfilment. At Milan he made himself known as a novel-writer no less than as a landscape-painter; and both in his pictures and in his books he gave people to understand that he had a meaning. His intent was to revolutionise Italy; but it was a revolution

which every Italian should begin with himself. By deep thought and hard work he had himself effected his own redemption. Whoever would in the same manner labour at his own regeneration was sure, in his opinion, to contribute to the emancipation of the country. It was not true, he contended, that no scope was left for action in an enslaved community; not true that any government could degrade a people beyond the point to which the people themselves consented to their own degradation; not true that any tyranny had power to kill the soul.

D'Azeglio settled at Milan in the very seat of Austrian domination. He took the bull by the horns; he wrote patriotic novels; he painted patriotic pictures; he went with his manuscripts and canvases up to the police. He knocked at the censor's door; applied for permission to publish and exhibit. Books and paintings were "destined to rouse the Italians against the foreigner;" yet the *imprimatur* was given for the novels, and the halls of the Brera made room for the pictures. D'Azeglio himself never was fully aware of the momentous victory that had been achieved. Henceforth, it was understood, opinion, within legal limits, was emancipated in Italy. It became clear that the Italians' own pusillanimity had stood in the way of free utterance far more than all the rigour of Austrian censorship. "You are not allowed to speak out, you say?" D'Azeglio seemed to ask. "Are you sure that you have ever tried? Speak out, all of you, at once, as I do; surely Austria has not hangmen, she has not dungeons, enough to silence you all."

The effect of the publication of "Ettore Fieramosca" and of "Niccolò de' Lapi" was tantamount to the gain of a great pitched battle over the Austrians. The Italians felt that an immense advantage had been secured; but they were also aware that it had been obtained on one condition—that patriotism should henceforth only take the field with fair weapons and with an open countenance. D'Azeglio seemed to have taken the hint from that honest mountaineer, who, being sent to explore the nakedness of a neighbouring territory, entered the enemy's camp in full daylight, and with a great flourish of trumpets, announcing himself as "Der Spion von Uri." Agreeably to the principles of the new school which he founded in Milan, there was to be an end at once and for ever of the tenebrous work of subterranean Italy; a hearty detestation of that perverse doctrine that "the end justified the means," which the Carbonari and Young Italy sects had borrowed

from the abhorred Jesuits. The conspiracy was henceforth to be nobody's secret. People should look the Austrians full in the face, and give them plainly to understand that Italy would be sure to give them notice to quit as soon as she could muster up strength commensurate with her goodwill.

In order to gather up this needful strength, it was necessary to enlist the forces of the nation without too nice a discrimination of parties. The aim of all sects, as it is in their nature, had been selection, therefore division. D'Azeglio's impulse was towards reconciliation. Free to every Italian to lend a hand to Italy, even to "that old traitor," Charles Albert, even to "that arch-enemy," the Pope. The writings of Gioberti and the words of D'Azeglio were in perfect unison in that respect:—"Are not priests and monks, cardinals and princes—all of them—men and brethren? Austria alone is against us; whoever is not with Austria is with us." Never was Italian patriotism more efficiently drawn up into one vast camp than at this juncture. Never was the fusion of parties more complete or sincere. After preparing the ground by the word, D'Azeglio went about strewing the seed by actual work. In the autumn of 1845, he undertook a "political tour." Its results were an alliance between the patriots of central Italy and Charles Albert of Sardinia. In the summer of the following year, Pius IX. came to the Pontificate. In the spring of the next, again, Piedmont, Rome, Naples, and the minor States—people and governments—took the cross for the liberation of Lombardy.

Italy, it is well known, made sad work of that crusade. But that was, nevertheless, the only instance in which that country took the field single-handed and with one mind. D'Azeglio, staunch to his principles, stood up among the foremost ranks of the patriot combatants. One of the very first shots laid him low, and deprived him, in good time for him, of any share in those events by which a movement which had begun under such glorious auspices ended in the most glaring confusion and shame.

After the disaster of Novara, D'Azeglio found himself by the side of Victor Emanuel, his good angel no less than his prime minister. Italy was lost for the moment. D'Azeglio considered how he could save Piedmont—save her not from foreign outrage, but from her own madness. He forced a peace upon a country that could not make war; he gave that country freedom in return for peace. He won for the king that title of "honest man" which could not be denied to the minister; and when senseless

opponents taunted him with inaction, and asked him "what he had been doing?" he answered that "he had been living;" and with the Austrians at Milan, the French in Rome, the *coup d'état* in Paris, and reaction rampant all over the Continent, the mere fact that little constitutional Piedmont had managed for three years to keep soul and body together could indeed be boasted of as no inconsiderable achievement. However, stirring times were not in the long run suited to D'Azeglio's eminently artistic habits; and, after a three years' premiership, he made room for the more aspiring Cavour.

Count Maffei, in his introduction, has sketched the characters of those two statesmen with considerable skill, and pointed to the "abyss" which parted one from the other. "D'Azeglio," he says, "belonged to the past, Cavour to the new generation. The one had prepared the movement, the other carried it into execution." He adds that "poor D'Azeglio was tired, suffering from his badly healed wound, and that a sort of moral lassitude began to pervade him." D'Azeglio himself declared "*qu'il n'était pas dévoré d'ambition, et qu'il n'en pouvait plus physiquement.*" His rival, on the contrary, if we accept Count Maffei's estimate, "was ambition and energy incarnate." Even in a subordinate capacity, his activity was so strongly felt in the cabinet, that D'Azeglio used to say of him, "With this little man at my side, I am like Louis Philippe: I reign, but do not govern."

The abyss which separated the two great men, however, was owing to something besides difference of age and temperament. D'Azeglio was a man of uncompromising uprightness, the soul of honour even amid the worst errors and follies of his youth. He would not aid a fair cause by foul means. He was a statesman as he had been a patriot, a diplomatist as he had been a conspirator—"all fair and above-board." Cavour looked to the end, and troubled himself little about the means. To do nothing was to him the only wrong-doing; not to succeed was the only crime. Already, in 1852, the two friends split, upon Cavour "ratting" from the Right, to which both belonged, and going over to Rattazzi—that evil genius of Italy, from Novara to Villafranca, from Aspromonte to Mentana. On the occurrence of that coalition, or *connubio*, as it was called, D'Azeglio resigned his office, without, however, at any time going over to the opposition. He was not only the most loyal of retired ministers, but the most amenable to the views and purposes of his successor. In 1854 he thought a Crimean campaign rather too bold a card for half-bankrupt

Piedmont to play. In 1859 he had less faith in the results of the Plombières engagements than he who had just come back from that interview. In both instances, however, D'Azeglio found his rival's arguments unanswerable; he was won over to his policy, and lent it no inconsiderable support. "He hesitated no longer, and enlisted himself among the *Cavourini*." He gave Cavour full credit for that vastness of comprehension, for that soundness of judgment, above all things, for that promptness of action, of which he, the artist and novelist, found himself no longer capable. For all that, however, D'Azeglio could not persuade himself that "honesty should not at all times be the best policy." He saw Cavour putting no end to his official lies, when he deemed it expedient to reassure the Savoyards against the reports of their contemplated annexation to France. He saw him using Boncompagni, a diplomatic agent, in all the dirty work of a conspiracy against the government to which he was accredited. He saw him sending his fleet after Garibaldi with open instructions to thwart the adventurer's expedition, and secret orders "to be too late to oppose his landing." D'Azeglio could not reconcile himself to a course which "he could not consider quite honourable," and which he did not, therefore, look upon as wise. D'Azeglio was no friend to the King of Naples, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to any of the Italian princes; but even against them he did not think that double dealing and treachery could be justified. "God in his goodness," he tells us, "had planted in his heart a love of righteousness, and a hatred of injustice and deceit. He had always hated those evils, no matter who was to profit or to be injured by them. He hated them if they profited his enemies; he hated them if they profited his friends, if they profited himself. He would still loathe them if they were profitable to the persons most dear to him in the world, or even if they forwarded the fulfilment of his most ardent yearning to see Italy really reconstituted."

And not only did he think that no evil should be done that evil should come of it; he deemed it impossible that real good should come of evil. It might be very well for Cavour to attempt to outwit Napoleon; but the fox should not forget that the lion's last argument against craft is force. Cavour managed the annexation of Romagna and Tuscany; but, to say nothing of his loss of Savoy and Nice, he forfeited, for himself and his countrymen, that self-respect upon which alone independence should be based. And, after all, it was with the

end itself, no less than with the means, that D'Azeglio felt disposed to quarrel. The aim of all his endeavours had been the independence of Italy; but it was doubtful in his mind whether that object had been secured by unity; it was doubtful whether the south was rather a source of strength than of weakness to the north. D'Azeglio's aim was merely union, not unity; his plan was a federation; his ideas had not travelled far beyond the combination of 1848. His cry was still, "Long live Italy, and peace to all Italians!" An Italy to be won by all Italians, for all Italians; a country to be conquered by unaided national efforts. Cavour's achievements upset all D'Azeglio's calculations; they brought bewilderment into his mind, but no conviction. The question was for him not how soon the national edifice could be raised, but how long it would endure. It was by French, and not by Italian arms that Solferino had been fought; it was by French connivance, more than by Italian contrivance, that Casteldardo had been won. It was only on French sufferance that Italy existed; and to secure French indulgence to what degrading stratagems had she not to resort, to what galling humiliations had she not to submit? Two-and-twenty millions of Italians had been made into a nation; two hundred thousand of them had been mustered into an army; but Austria was still unbroken in the heart of the country; and to drive her from her fortresses how many of those two hundred thousand soldiers, how many of those twenty-two millions of people, could be counted as men? Cavour died in 1861. He was followed by men who fancied they inherited his genius because they emulated his cunning; who were a match for his unscrupulousness, but who knew nothing of his daring. Cavour ended with the assertion on his dying lips that "Italy was made;" but it appeared to D'Azeglio that it was "all to make." It was still all to make when his own hour struck in January, 1866; and it might still seem to him all to make at the present day; for what was, six months later, taken from the foreigner was due to foreign hands; and there is as yet no surety that those who have given may not at their own pleasure take away. No wonder if disenchantments and causes of alarm saddened the good patriot at the close of his life, as he sought a refuge against gloomy thoughts in his smiling solitude of Cannero, on Lake Maggiore. No wonder, if "his very appearance," as Count Maffei describes it, "was a living image of the weariness of his mind after the many trials he had gone through." No wonder, if a "settled sadness

was blended with the soft and simple expression of courtesy on that noble countenance, conveying proofs of his immense solicitude for the prospects of his beloved country." His fixed idea was the regeneration of the national character, and what progress had been made in that direction since fortune and cunning had achieved for Italy what D'Azeglio thought should and could only be due to valour and genius? D'Azeglio did not, luckily for him, live to see how indifferently the Italians fought at Custoza and Lissa; but he had sufficient experience of the political and military organization of the new kingdom to feel sure that disorder must infallibly lead to disgrace. And, unfortunately, it was not merely as fighting-men that the Italians proved unequal to the splendid position which the caprice of France and the self-interest of Prussia had so marvellously made for them. In every branch of administration, in parliamentary work, in the management of all home and foreign business, their incapacity showed itself with equally glaring evidence. Truly a government is not to be built up or a nation made in a day; and the Italians could not be expected to have got up their statecraft by intuition. What D'Azeglio complained of was the utter deadness of their sense of right and wrong; the futility of their attempts to establish liberty on any other basis than that of morality; their proneness to persevere in their old way of duplicity and chicanery; their incapacity for true devotion and self-sacrifice. D'Azeglio remembered enough of old Italy to feel sure that, with all its narrowness and bigotry, it had virtues of which the very traces were lost in the new community. He lamented that the cause of freedom should not call forth such instances of chivalrous loyalty as were exhibited in support even of the worst form of despotism; he regretted that the new school of patriots should show so great a falling off from that to which those of his own generation belonged — such men as his brother Robert, Cesare Balbo, Giacinto Collegno, and the whole of that noble army of martyrs. At the time of the political movement of 1821 in Piedmont, D'Azeglio's father, who, he tells us, although no supporter of blind absolutism, was an enemy to revolutionary changes, old as he was, put on his uniform, and hastened to join the king at the palace, where many of the nobles, chiefly old men who had long been on the retired list, had already assembled. D'Azeglio's mother had been ill in bed for several months. Before the old veteran left his house in pursuit of duty, he ran up to the invalid's apartment, embraced his be-

loved wife, and said with mingled tenderness and decision, "Our sentiments have always been in unison; you certainly will not change on this occasion. I am now going, and shall stay at my post to the last: perhaps I may not return. God be with you!" God was with the good lady, indeed, as she assures us, since she had the strength to answer, "Go, stay at your post, and die, if die you must. I should be unworthy of you if I said otherwise." D'Azeglio quotes the description of this affecting scene from his mother's diary, and then adds: "Compare yourselves with these noble souls, ye Italian men and women; and remember that when you have become like them, Italy will be really a nation." It is not, of course, the thoughts or opinions of those old loyalists that D'Azeglio holds up to his countrymen's imitation. But devotion like theirs, he conceives, could ennoble even a bad cause: incapacity for sacrifice would disgrace the very best.

It is impossible not to perceive, however, that the very excess of his zeal for his country made Massimo d'Azeglio less than just to his countrymen. The tendency of the old man to make himself the eulogist of his best days is everywhere apparent. In youth, as he himself avows, he had been blinded by his partiality to democracy. In his mature age his reason was disturbed by the revulsion of aristocratic predilections. He generalised too freely on the examples of disinterestedness which his own household and his immediate circle exhibited.

All retrogradist nobles were not such mirrors of chivalrous loyalty as the Marquis Cesare, his father; all Jesuits were not such patterns of earnest piety as Father Taparelli, his brother. Nor were the individual instances of heroic devotion to a cause rare among other ranks of society, among other political denominations, even among those extreme democratic parties with which the discontented patrician had so little sympathy. The Cairoli family at Pavia, for instance, give their country as much cause for pride as the D'Azeglio family at Turin. Nor, notwithstanding the disheartening state of degradation into which the great mass of the Italian people are still plunged, is there any reason to look upon their moral character as so utterly irreclaimable as D'Azeglio, with the natural impatience of a man who measures God's time by the short span of his own existence, was, perhaps, too apt to believe. With national no less than individual diseases, it is very often necessary that things should grow much worse, before they at all begin to get better. It is in the nature of all revolutions to bring the dregs to the surface; but those dregs, it should be remembered, were the results of the long sediment of former stagnation. The conversion of a dismal swamp into a running stream must needs prove a healthy process in the end; but it is fraught with difficulty and danger in its earliest stages: it either taints the blood or else it breaks the heart of many of those who first lay hand to the work.

A. GALLENGA.

BOOK OF THE ARTISTS.—American Artist Life, comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists, preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America. By Henry T. Tuckerman. (Sampson Low.) — Although written in a lively style, and abounding in biographical details, this book is better adapted for reference than for continuous perusal. Mr. Tuckerman has performed a work of immense labour with intelligent appreciation and critical insight, but to English readers his book would have been more attractive had he confined his attention to artists with whose names at least we are familiar on this side of the Atlantic. In the *Book of the Artists* every American obtains honourable mention who has painted a picture or modelled a bust, and thus certain portions of the volume are little better than an inventory. Mr. Tuckerman is an accomplished *littérateur*, and has the

advantage of a personal acquaintance with many living artists whose works and ways he has undertaken to depict. This gives a vitality to the narrative, and if it may be permitted to visit men of mark for the purpose of taking notes, it must be owned that the duty has been accomplished in the present instance with delicacy and forbearance. On the whole, however, as we have intimated already, this book is chiefly valuable as a dictionary of American art. The reader may find here everything that he wishes to know, but he is certain also to find much that he does not care about knowing. The book in appearance, in orthography, and in style, is genuinely American, and it is fitting that it should be so; but for these reasons, and for others that we have named, it is less likely to be sought after in this country than in the United States.

Spectator.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW IDEA.

I WAS very glad to find myself again in my quiet village home. My little trip to London gave us some new topics of conversation, and my sister was much interested in my account of young M'Callum and his friend. But she took a prejudice against the latter, and hazarded the uncharitable conjecture that he was "no good." When she saw Alice she threw out hints to this effect, which Alice received very quietly, and without any reply.

Mr. Marten's young relation did not die, but his convalescence was tedious and unsatisfactory, and as he had no other friend to attend him, our rector's absence from his parish proved a long one. A neighbouring clergyman came to us on Sundays, and gave us two sermons in the Refuge. But Mr. Marten was at liberty by the time the church repairs were complete.

St. Cross was re-opened on the second Sunday in July. The weather was—just beautiful English summer—I can find no better words for it. Ruth and I set out at the first summons of the new peal of bells, which were among our improvements. I believe in church bells, simple, soft, and sweet,—sound meet to echo in the sacred memories of childhood's Sabbath. If once linked with feelings of holy happiness, theirs is a voice which may speak where the preacher cannot come, and where the Bible is shut. And praised be God, they now sound so widely over the world, that few can wander out of their reach.

When we arrived at St. Cross, I was quite satisfied with the effect of our alterations, which, though sufficiently familiar to me while in process, I now saw for the first time tested by usage. The narrow path was widened and gravelled, and many evergreens and some flowers were planted about the graves. The porch was much enlarged, and the inner doors stood wide open. But it was the interior which was most changed. All the windows were widened, which destroyed the monotony of the white wall, and their opaque glass was exchanged for small clear panes, with one large coloured pane, bearing some appropriate device, in the centre of each window. Two new windows, containing more coloured glass, were opened north and south of the communion table, thus brightening a portion of the building which had formerly been both dismal and ill-ventilated. The table itself was entirely refitted, and the candlesticks were gone,—into the vestry! The tables of the law were re-written in legible characters, and

over one was a scroll bearing a verse from the 103rd psalm, "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him," and over the other was another inscribed with our Saviour's words, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

But *the* change was certainly the new chancel window. As the worshippers entered, one by one, or in groups, their eyes instantly fell on it, and each countenance brightened. Old Mr. M'Callum, with his daughter, and George Wilmot, were among the earliest arrivals. Bessie Saunders came soon afterwards, and presently Mr. Herbert and Agnes. And just before service commenced, Mr. Weston arrived, rather flushed, and in such a twitter that he did not notice the attendant who trotted forward to show him a pew, but precipitately took refuge in the M'Callums' seat, where presently he became quite at home.

The service was conducted in a very simple, spirited way, and Mr. Marten's sermon did not attempt to improve "the occasion." Our young rector had sufficient judgment to conclude that "occasions" have a voice sufficiently eloquent to plead for themselves. And his sermon was very short, but full of those pithy truths which stick in the mind like arrows, and are not easily shaken out.

When all was over, the congregation was in no hurry to disperse. Some stayed to speak to others about the new window, and a few old people, whose sight was dim, drew nearer to the chancel to read the texts written above the table.

Mr. Marten himself very speedily reappeared from the vestry, and it was then I first noticed that Lieutenant Blake and his daughter were that day among the worshippers at St. Cross. He walked off with them, and as I stood in the churchyard speaking to Mr. Herbert, I saw the three pause to examine the skeleton of a house now rapidly rising behind the church, and in front of it Miss Blake turned and gazed around, and made some remark. I fancy she said it had a very fine prospect.

"Well, my brother," said Ruth, as we sat down to our dinner that day, "you have certainly done *one* good work for Upper Mallowe."

"Yes, and only one," I answered, "for the Refuge is yours."

"Mine!" she ejaculated, "when all I gave was a few household things."

"You gave the thought," I said. "The liberal deviseth liberal things."

"And I suppose the Lord will accept a plan, if it's all one can do," she replied;

"and I have no money to give until I die, for as God prospered me just sufficiently to be independent, please God I'll never be dependent — even on you!"

"But you should not call even the church repairs my work," I said presently. "You must not forget that the village has been so liberal, that my share of the expense will not exceed a tolerably moderate subscription."

"But then, if I gave the scheme for the Refuge," she answered, "you gave the scheme for the church, and you led the way, and took all the responsibility, whether it might prove great or small."

"Yes, I'll own that," I conceded; "I do so little good that I'll willingly acknowledge all I can."

"Now, I'll tell you what, Edward," said my sister, in that business-like tone which always means something: "you've fairly started the Refuge, and in my will they'll find a little endowment, which with the annual subscriptions will carry it safely on. And in the Refuge, I include the Orphan-home, which will cost very little, when once the additional rooms are made. So now I'll give you something else to do. Establish a village hospital, sir!"

"A village hospital!" I echoed, rather startled.

"Yes," she answered, "what provision have our people in sickness? The very poor are dragged off to Hopleigh workhouse infirmary. Should you like to go there if you were ill? The class a little better off are taken to the hospital in the county town, at great expense of time and money and strength, just when they are all most valuable. You give ten pounds a year to that hospital. That ten pounds would be worth at least twenty, if you kept it in Upper Mallowe. And there would be no tedious recoveries, hindered by home-sickness, and no more deaths among strange faces."

"But don't you think the establishment of even a village hospital will be a somewhat complicated matter?" I ventured to inquire.

"No," she answered, decisively, "a country home for the sick is as different from a city hospital as Upper Mallowe is from London. We shan't want six or eight wards, but about as many rooms. We shan't want a secretary, and a staff of Sisters of St. Something or another, but just one experienced God-fearing woman, with two or three young girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age under her."

"Ah," I said, "I begin to see the possibility and beauty of your plan, Ruth. Why,

it may do great good in more ways than one!"

"With God's blessing, it certainly will," she answered. "At the present time, I know of a nice house standing empty. It is a detached cottage on the lonely side of the green, and it has eight well-sized and airy rooms. It may be either rented or sold, but it is dearer than the Refuge was."

"I'll buy it, nevertheless," I said.

"Yes, you can certainly afford that," returned my plain-speaking sister, "and then it will need serviceable, suitable furniture, and there must be maintenance and salary for the matron —"

"You mean the head nurse," I interrupted.

"Call her by the wise German name of 'house-mother,'" my sister went on,—"that includes all her duties; then there will be maintenance for the sick, and medical attendance. I think that is all the outgoing. And the income will include subscriptions, the interest from your endowment, for I must leave that matter to you, my brother, and small weekly payments from the girls who assist the house-mother."

"Weekly payments *from* the girls?" I queried.

"Certainly," she answered. "It will be an excellent preparation for all branches of domestic life. Any lady interested in a young girl, or the girl's own parents, ought readily to give enough to purchase her victuals in exchange for such advantages. House-room and instruction will be gratuitous."

"But will one nurse and two or three girls be sufficient for the work?" I asked, dubiously.

"Except during epidemics," she answered, "and then funds for more aid will not be lacking. What is the average number of hospital cases in this little village at one time? Seldom more than five or six, and three or four of those not at all serious."

"But will people have confidence in such a homely affair?" I asked.

"Perhaps they'll laugh at it while they're in health," she promptly replied, "but when the head is sick and the heart is faint, there's nothing very reassuring in a line of pallets, and a long row of windows, and a gaunt white woman coolly naming one with a number. *Then* one longs for a roughly plastered room, with the trees whispering outside, and familiar faces smiling within. *Then* they'll come to us, and please God, they'll never laugh at us afterwards!"

"But who shall we choose for the house-mother?" I inquired. "Alice has little nursing experience, and she is too young: besides, the Refuge cannot spare her."

"The Refuge will lose her soon enough," said Ruth significantly, "and then we shall find it tolerably hard to supply her place."

"If Miss Saunders would like to become principal of our hospital," I observed, "surely she would suit it admirably. She is clear-headed and kind-hearted, and only God can fathom the depth of her patience."

"But what can we do with her sweet sister?" asked Ruth with a wry face.

"We must get her a situation," I said.

"Ay, but will she keep it?" queried my sister. "If I wanted a servant, I would not have her, even without wages. I would sooner pension her."

"Then if the worst comes to the worst, we must pension her," I answered.

"A fine reward for idleness!" exclaimed Ruth indignantly. "Very just towards poor Bessie!"

"Do you suppose Bessie would like us to pension her?" I asked slyly.

"Ah, well, I'll own she would not," conceded my sister, "and I doubt if she'd not carry her independence as far as to resent our doing as much for the lovely Anne."

"Nevertheless, if we get Bessie to like our hospital scheme," I said, "we will manage the rest somehow."

"Yes, somehow," assented Ruth.

Nothing more was said on the subject until Monday morning, when my sister, steadily true to her old principle of striking the iron while it was hot, took me first to see the empty cottage, and then to visit Miss Saunders. Bessie's face brightened softly as we unfolded our plan, though her words were simple and cool enough. "Yes, she should like it very much, but—Anne?"

"Make her a present of your business," said Ruth.

The dressmaker shook her head.

"Let her sell it to some young woman, and remain here as housekeeper," was my sister's next suggestion.

Miss Bessie smiled dimly, and shook her head again.

"At least try that experiment," I said; "it will certainly do no harm. We can but make some other arrangement if she do not suit the in-comer."

She reflected a few minutes, and then said, "It can do no harm. I beg pardon for being so slow, but the thought of a change rather confuses me. But—but I must speak to Anne before anything is decided."

She went to the door, and called her sister's name. It was but her proud determination to put the best possible appearance on her unhappy family-life.

Anne presently answered the summons.

She entered with a grimy face, and a dress representing the fashion of by-gone years. Ruth told our errand in a few clear words.

"You need not have asked me, Bessie," said she, turning to her sister. "Why should you consider *me*? Do what you think best for *yourself*, and I hope you will never repent it, but that you will be quite comfortable *at last*. Don't think of me at all," she added, turning to us, "anything will do for me. Some respectable young person will take Bessie's place, and I'll wait on her. I don't mind drudging *all day*. I'll do anything to please any one. I don't mind how I turn about. Since I'm only fit for mean work, I'll not make myself above it."

"No work is mean," said Ruth, rather fiercely, taking up her old argument, "except to a mean mind; and a mean mind makes everything mean."

"Well, I'm very glad you agree with our plans," I observed rising, for I foresaw a useless tournament between Anne and my sister; "we shall press our work forward as much as we can, so prepare as quickly as possible for your approaching separation. Shall you bring away any of this furniture, Miss Saunders?" I asked.

"Only two or three little things which belong to me personally," she answered. She evidently desired to give Anne every advantage.

"Ah, that will do," I said; "we will provide all the rest. By the way," I added, when we were in the passage, and out of Anne's hearing, "I have not visited you since Mr. Marten and I brought you that sad relic of your poor cousin. I suppose no new thought has struck you in connection with that affair?"

"No, sir," she answered, "and I suppose you have not seen young M'Callum yet, to tell him about the knife?"

"I have seen him," I replied. "I went to London for a day or two, and I saw him there. But I told him nothing. It struck me that he was not very well, and I thought it best he should not hear of it, till his own people told him in his own home. I hope you are not angry with my consideration, Miss Saunders."

"Oh, sir," she replied, "if every one considered others as you do, it would be a blessed world!" (Remember, my readers, that she measured my consideration only by her sister's, which was nothing at all.)

And so Ruth and I walked homeward.

"Our scheme is ripening fast," I remarked.

"Edward," said she, shortly, "I'm in a bad temper!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, "I am sorry for that."

"I daresay you are!" she said, "but that does no good. I'll always say that I'm selfish, and that I don't care for anybody but myself, and that I will have my own way! I'll do anything to be different from that Anne Saunders! No woman has provoked me as much since Laura Carewe. I'm in a regular passion! I feel as if I wanted to kick!"

I knew that at that instant no words of mine would soothe my sister's ire, so I walked by her side in silence.

"And you never told me that you did not think Ewen was well!" she added presently, with no abatement of asperity; "you leave me to find that out for myself. You come home from London and say nothing about it to Alice or me. Can I be sure you are not reserving something else? I've a great mind to go to London and see him for myself."

"My dear Ruth," I expostulated, "I said nothing because I thought it might be only my own imagination. He will have his holidays in a few weeks. So why should I trouble you or his sister? He would not like a fuss over a trifling ailment or a passing depression."

"You'd have made fuss enough had it been Agnes Herbert," said my sister, wrathfully. "You're always noticing whether she looks unhappy or no,—though depend on it she has nothing at all to trouble her except some fine fantastical sentimentality of her own. But women always get all the sympathy. They are the porcelain of humanity, of course, with all their delicate dandelion virtues which blow away at the first breath of every-day air."

"Is that your description of Alice McCallum and Bessie Saunders?" I asked, gently.

I knew Ruth heard the question, but she did not heed it, and presently started off on a new tack, with—

"As I said directly I heard of him, you may depend upon it that new friend of Ewen's is no good. Some idle daundring good-for-naught" (when Ruth was excited she often used the graphic diction of the country-side) "who takes no trouble for himself, but just lives to trouble honest people. Talk about vampires! I believe in them. There are people who put all their self-made sufferings to suck the very life from other people, and never feel their sting themselves. Oh, well I remember your description of him, just a personification of your Childe Harolds and your Corsairs, and all your other rubbish, who might easily make a good riddance of themselves and their

miseries, and not be afraid the world would stop without them!"

By this time we had reached home, and Ruth stepped off to her bedroom, while I went dismally into the parlour, marvelling at the mysterious influence which some natures possess of souring whoever comes near them, even as others always sweeten. The scolding Ruth had given me was all due to her glimpse of Anne Saunders. I knew that well enough.

In about ten minutes my sister reappeared. I had taken refuge behind the outspread newspaper. But she came up to me and put her hand on my shoulder. I looked up, and she laughed rather dolefully.

"The fit is over," she said, "and I'm sorry for the words I said. I'm afraid some of them are true. But I'm just as sorry I said them. Some women have hysterics and some have tempers!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RIGHT OF REFUSAL.

RUTH proceeded very energetically with her hospital-plans. She wished the house to be in readiness in case of any visitation of those sicknesses so often attendant on early or late autumn. Agnes Herbert was again her helper, in happy ignorance of the ruthless words which my sister had spoken in her anger, but for which Ruth strove to atone by extraordinary kindness and complacency. Very industriously the two worked and consulted together, with Bessie Saunders for an occasional third. Bessie sold her business very easily, for it was in good repute. So she took up her abode in the little hospital, and found plenty of occupation in putting up the furniture and preparing the house-linen.

Meanwhile, the Refuge was in full vigour. Harvest operations had brought down the usual crowd of needy, unskilled labourers, who gladly took shelter there until they procured work. I liked to wander in the fields at their dinner hour, and have a chat about their winter life in London, and hear what they thought of their temporary home in our High Street. They did not know me, or my connection therewith, and so I knew I should get the truth, and might obtain some useful hints for the future. But had they known who I was, I should certainly have suspected them of insincerity, for there was nothing but praise. Many a hearty Irish blessing did I hear bestowed on Alice McCallum, "the purty girleen, with the face like the Holy Virgin's in the picture over the altar"—the out-spoken women adding, "We guess she won't be at

the Refuge when we come again this time next year. Sure there is a big house down the hill with no want of anything, where she would be kindly welcome, for we have eyes in our heads, and we know what we know; and the ould gentleman will find it a lonely life without her. Heaven's blessing light on the both of them!"

Both Mr. McCallum and his granddaughter were eagerly looking forward to Ewen's holidays. Through the exigencies of business, these were rather later than had been expected, but Alice bore the delay very patiently, feeling that she would have more time to enjoy her brother's society, when harvest was over, and the Refuge restored to its ordinary condition. Ewen's letters came regularly, both to the Refuge and to our house. Very nice letters they were—written in his close, neat, rather peculiar calligraphy—simply worded, half boyish and half manly in their tone. They had no fine sentences—nothing that any one would care to read but those who knew and loved him. But then to such there was a strange sacredness about these simple letters. One could not bring oneself to destroy them. I kept all he sent me. They are in my desk now. Alice stored hers in her workbox. And you, too, my reader, have some such letters stored somewhere, though your fire may have devoured many clever ones, and perhaps even some with "autographs."

I must say that the medical man of Upper Mallowe entered very warmly into the interests of our little hospital. He was a young married man with a scattered, poor practice, and when he named a very modest sum as the annual price for his professional services at our sick home, I knew there was more real charity in the business-like agreement than in many a magnificent donation; and I think Ruth felt the same, for she sought his advice and concurrence in every question of arrangement and management, and it was wonderful how their views of such things coincided, though he saw everything from the point of strict scientific knowledge, while she saw all in the plain light of simple common-sense.

I was not admitted to the hospital until everything was finished, by which time Miss Saunders had gained a patient, and also a rosy-faced, obedient damsel to assist her. The patient was a middle-aged woman, an old resident in the village. Her malady was a rapid waste, and when I saw her the truth of my sister's words shone fully on me, and I felt how cruel it would have been had the worn-out invalid been doomed to the worry and excitement of strange sights and systems.

We found Bessie Saunders in the little sitting-room of the place, busily engaged with a basket full of that mysterious "white work" which always appears to excite a feeling of dignified and business-like elation in the heart of every true woman. She looked uncommonly well, and her plain dark violet gown showed to double advantage, inasmuch as it suited both her office and her person. By a skilful arrangement of her own little personalities, and a few simple ornaments with which Ruth had presented her, she had given the humble apartment quite the sociable look of home. We did not find her alone. Agnes Herbert came forward to greet us, with her hat swinging in her hand, as if her visit was no hasty one.

We went over all the rooms, one after another, kitchen and dormitories. As sickness must be, such a place seemed pleasant to suffer in. If it were possible for a life to be all so dreary that one could not remember a mother's smile, or a single "good time," still in these quiet chambers the passing soul might surely carry away one thanksgiving. The poor consumptive woman, sitting in her easy chair, almost too weak to speak, smiled kindly when she saw us. Oh, if we hope there are some angels somewhere in heaven who rejoice to know of us, let us be very gentle to the dying. They are starting for the land we long for. Let them take a good report of us.

"I only fear one thing," said Bessie in reply to my warm praises of all I saw. "I only fear Miss Garrett has trusted me too much, and that I fill a place which another might supply much better."

"Well, if we had given Miss Saunders a longer notice, she might easily have taken a little training at some great hospital," I remarked to Ruth, as we walked homeward.

"Don't talk of what you don't understand, Edward," interrupted Ruth. "I won't say a word against the systems of the famous hospitals. Doubtless it is necessary for their nurses to be drilled like soldiers. There are not enough staunchly true women to supply their requirements, and that discipline may do a great deal of good to the shams whom they are obliged to receive into their ranks. Is not there something in Miss Saunders which makes her just Bessie Saunders, and no one else,—and something in me which makes me Ruth Garrett and nothing more? And don't tell me we should be improved if that something was taken out of us. Would you like pictures painted in faintly differing shades of the same color? Would you like all the flowers in your garden to be alike?"

"But, my dear Ruth," I pleaded, "would you like variety such as existed between those famous ladies, Betsy Prig and Sarah Gamp?"

"And, my dear Edward," retorted my sister ironically, "because one system is bad, it does not always follow that its opposite is perfection. And if *you* believe that any system can regenerate human nature, I don't. If Betsy Prig and Sarah Gamp existed under the old arrangements, depend upon it they have slipped in under the new ones, only of course they have changed their names!"

"Still, now-a-days," I said, "at least they cannot drink gin, and morally murder their patients."

"Those are very negative virtues in a nurse," replied my sister; "but what I complain about is the modern cans of 'training.' You men don't let it get among yourselves. When once you are grown up, by which time your general or technical education, as the case may be, is completed, you find out what each other can do, and set each other to do it. If a man cannot become a clerk by simply passing upwards through the various grades of a clerk's duty, he turns to something else. There is no establishment where he may be artificially 'trained' at the public expense. But if a girl wishes to be a book-keeper, instead of expecting her to work her way like a boy, many employers request her to bring them a certificate of competency from some training class, where she has been stupefied by sham ledgers, and dazzled by precepts which she will never need to practise. Teachers are wanted for national schools, and instead of suitable women being chosen and brought gradually onward through small schools to large ones, thousands of pounds are annually spent to make women competent, or rather what is called competent. Now there is always somebody exactly fitted for every work that exists in the world, and that somebody should be found for it."

"But, Ruth," I suggested, "in speaking of men a minute ago, you said, 'when their technical education is completed.' Now this 'training' simply comes in the place of that technical education."

"Then why isn't it paid for in the same way, and taken at the same time, close at the heels of common school days?" she asked rather sharply. "And mind you that in ordinary male employment, shop-keeping, clerkships, and so forth, there is no 'training' at all, only a steady working up from the lowest step of the ladder. It is a natural development of all they learnt

when boys. And every woman's early life should have fitted her for something. Has not an elder sister had good discipline for a governess, and a tradesman's daughter for a business woman, and so on? And there will never be more exceptional women wanted, than exceptional chances will provide. And yet ten chances to one, instead of making the best of each as she is, some wiseacre will set her in 'training' to become what she is not."

"But I'm sorry to say a woman's early life does not always fit her for anything," I said.

"Then I'm afraid nothing else will," retorted Ruth.

"But what is she to do?" I queried.

"Marry the first man who asks her," said my sister shortly.

"And is a woman who is fit for nothing else, fit for a wife?" I asked.

"No," she returned, "but she is quite good enough for any man who gives her a chance. But you are always asking me these sort of questions, Edward. Are you contemplating such a step for yourself?"

"Nay, Ruth," I answered, a little nettled; "I ask these questions gravely, and you turn them off with a joke. It is not a laughing matter."

"No," she said, "but it would do no good if I cried, and my sex don't feel they need anybody's tears. They think it is only the cruel injustice of the men which prevents them from filling the highest places in the land. Very likely the lord chancellor does not know how to make tea, and so a woman who does not know either, thinks she could be lord chancellor. We hear that it is hard to obtain good nurses, or thorough governesses, and yet, forsooth, the ladies aim to become doctors and professors."

"But may not the deficiencies you name arise simply from want of training?" I pleaded.

"Then let them be trained by first painfully climbing the lowest step of the ladder, and staying there until they can mount higher without any help," she returned. "Till the ranks of good nurses are filled, women need not wish for opportunities to become doctors."

"But, Ruth," I said, "many women who would like to be doctors would shrink from mere nursing, because it is often foolishly regarded as a humiliating servitude."

"If a true gentlewoman by birth, breeding, or education, engages in any work, however humble," replied my sister, "she does not sink to its lowest level, but she raises it to herself, and it is thought better for her very sake. And mind, if women

so scrupulously defer to a wrong popular prejudice, why don't they heed that other prejudice, which has some reasonable foundation, and hesitates before it gives a man's work to a woman?"

"But who shall define what is man's work and what is woman's?" I asked, briskly, thinking I had hit upon a poser.

"The proper seed for every soil is what grows there without forcing," returned Ruth, promptly. "I suppose a man or a woman may compel themselves to do almost anything, just as they may distort their limbs into unnatural attitudes. But you may always know when they are out of their proper place by the terrible bragging they make. An old bachelor does not boast of his ledger and cash-box, but he triumphs miserably in sewing on buttons and mending gloves. A woman does not publish a list of her seams and samplers, but she glories in her examinations and certificates."

"But may not that be because she has conquered, not nature, but merely custom?" I inquired. "Don't you really think that some employments now monopolised by men might fairly be shared by women?"

"They might be opened to women," she answered. "A steady, patient girl, who can manage delicate needlework could manage watchmaking. And there are many other occupations now kept by men which are quite within the compass of a woman's abilities. But then I don't think the men would object to admit a woman. I have not forgotten my own early days, Edward."

"I am glad to hear you admit that women might have a wider sphere than at present," I said.

"I admit less than you think," she returned, "and even from my admission, I think you and I draw different inferences. I would not apprentice an indefinite number of girls to these employments, as is sometimes proposed. It would be sheer waste of time and money. In five years' time nineteen girls out of twenty would have married, and thus wholly retired—at least I hope so—to the other business of house-keeping. As a body, women will never pass beyond the stage of raw learners. And this is one reason why men need never fear their rivalry."

"But, Ruth, don't you think it would be better if girls had other objects in life besides matrimony?" I asked.

"Of course it would," she answered, "but putting it as you put it now, it is only twaddle. If you were a young man, would you like a girl to refuse you on the grounds that she had a good business, and so thought it her duty to keep to it?"

"No, I certainly should not," I replied.

"The fact is," my sister went on, "the people who start these movements proceed on a wrong track. They start with the belief that all women can follow occupations, for which not more than twenty per cent. are really suited. They ignore the fact that perhaps only one out of that twenty will require such occupation through her whole life. So they scare the men, and rouse all their opposition, by announcing that they will be beaten out of the field by female labour, equal in kind and superior in cheapness. Now this equality in kind and superiority in cheapness are both fallacies."

"O Ruth," I said, indignantly, "will you say that women cannot work as well as men when you know how well you carried on your own business?"

"I know all about it, Edward," she answered, "and that is why I say it. Didn't I have Latin manuscripts sent me, and didn't I always take them to be copied by the old schoolmaster at Mallowe Academy, and didn't he allow me a small commission for giving him the job? O Edward, Edward, that is how I succeeded. I knew what I could not do, as well as what I could!"

"But at any rate women's labour is certainly cheaper than men's," I said, presently.

"Mechanical labour of the sort we mean should have one price and only one," she returned. "If a woman devotes herself to these occupations, she cannot have time to cook her meals, or clean her room, or make her clothes. And so her existence becomes as costly as a man's. And remember, too, that the work which is easy to an ordinary man, requires a superior woman, in whose education much money and care have been invested. So she ought not to work except for a fair return on that investment."

"But those questions can scarcely be considered in the labour-market," I remarked.

"And that's just why a woman should never take the question of her labour into the labour-market," she retorted. "If exceptional work come in her way, and she be able to do it, let her do it quietly, and be thankful. When an able woman steps from the beaten track, they are not her friends who make a flourish of trumpets as if an army were about to follow."

"Then what do you lay down as the first principle in a girl's preparation for the future?" I inquired.

"Develop all those powers and instincts which will make her a good mistress of a family, as she will most likely become," re-

turned Ruth. "And even if not, after such rearing, she need not fear for a good and honest maintenance. Train her in industry, and patience, and energy, and whether she be single or married, she will be always worth her place in the world."

"But still if some women have special talents for medicine or science," I said, "does it not seem a pity they should not follow them out?"

Ruth laughed.

"Of course, they can do as they like," she answered. "But I have noticed that those who best realise great responsibilities, are always slowest to voluntarily incur them. And I observe that these lady-doctors are meant to attend upon women and children. Let me warn them that women will never trust women in that way."

"But is it not hard they should have so little confidence in their own sex?" I queried. "I wonder how it is!"

"Because women know what women are," answered Ruth; adding dryly, "It is not for me to deny that they might mistrust men as much if they knew them as well. But in the meantime, timid mistrust, however mistaken, injures a patient; while child-like confidence, however credulous, is half the cure."

Just at this moment, at the turn of a lane, we encountered Mr. Weston. I say "encountered," for he paused before us and stared, as if it took him a moment to recall who we were. However, when he had collected himself, he saluted us warmly enough, and offered Ruth his arm. So as the path was sometimes rather narrow, I was obliged to drop behind, and soon fell into a reverie over our recent conversation. I am not very quick in discussion, and Ruth soon sets me down. Therefore, though to me her arguments are unanswerable, I am not sure they are so to other people. But even if there be a little prejudice in them, they are worthy of thought. And after all, what seems prejudice is sometimes truth. And certainly Ruth acts out her own precepts, and her actions seem always to the point. And I almost fancy that tests the goodness of precepts, as much as adding together the second and third rows proves a subtraction sum.

Walking behind Ruth and Mr. Weston, I could distinctly hear their voices, but I did not listen for more, until my ear was struck by my sister saying —

"Well, sir, I have just been preaching down woman's rights; but she has one right which I have never heard disputed — the right of refusal."

"If that is no secret, Ruth," I said, "I should like to know what it is."

"Mr. Weston will tell you, if he wishes," she answered, walking on.

The young man turned, and stood still. His honest blue eyes had the helpless look of a poor dog's, when it is hurt by its own master's foot.

"She's refused me," he said, "and it's all over!" and then he walked on by my side, and, of course, I did not look into his face.

"We must all submit to these things sometimes," I observed, presently; "ay, and often to far worse!" (For surely it was better to be rejected by Alice McCallum than to be jilted by Maria Willoughby.) "But still, Weston, I should not have thought this of Alice. She ought to have guessed what you wanted long ago."

"Don't blame her, please, sir," he said: "she's never given me any encouragement; but yet somehow I thought she liked me, and — I've left her crying now. I thought she liked me — I did."

"Are you sure she does not?" I inquired, more hopefully. "What did she say?"

"She said — she said she'd never carry the cloud on her family into any man's house, sir. She's a fool, Mr. Garrett!"

"You didn't say so?" I queried.

"No, and I don't say so, sir," he exclaimed, "except as if an angel lived in the world, we should very likely call her a fool! But I shouldn't have liked her to have sent me away without caring, sir; and yet now her caring makes it all the harder! What shall I do, sir?"

"Go home," said I, "go home, and be quiet. Things always prove better than they seem. And even if they don't, God and one's work remain, Mr. Weston. Go home, and be quiet."

"Oh, sir," said he, forlornly, "could you bear it?"

"I have borne it, my boy," I answered. "Yes, twice — once in sorrow, and once in wrath and bitterness. And yet now, I would not change anything if I could. Go home, and be quiet."

"And this is the end of it," said Ruth, when I rejoined her, after parting from him; "and this is another specimen how —

"The best-laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-jee!"

CHAPTER XX.

Ewen's HOLIDAYS.

It proved that Ewen's holidays were not only later, but also shorter, than he had expected. The exigencies of business would only allow him a few days. So one

fine autumn morning shortly after our meeting with Mr. Weston, Alice came very early to our house to say that he had arrived at the Refuge late the night before. I thought her visit rather odd, as her brother would be sure to announce himself a few hours later. It was the first time we had seen her since Mr. Weston's tidings, and despite her joy at Ewen's visit, she looked rather pale and grave, and so recalled all my first impressions of her. When she prepared to go away, Ruth followed her from the room, and presently I heard them in the next apartment, speaking in earnest whispers. At last the hall-door closed, I saw Alice go down the garden path, and then my sister re-appeared.

"Can you guess why she came?" she inquired.

"No," I answered, "but I can guess she did not come without an object."

"She came to ask us not to name Mr. Weston to Ewen," replied my sister, in that whisper which comes so naturally when any secrecy is enjoined.

"I can understand all her reasons," I said. "It is a beautiful piece of unselfishness. But I wish she had forgotten to enjoin our silence, for then I should have spoken. Now we must decidedly yield to her wishes."

"And the poor girl is fretting dreadfully about the change in her brother," Ruth went on. "It makes me quite anxious to see him."

"Oh, Alice forgets that he has been living a sedentary town life," I replied; "and besides Ewen's is not the style of face which ever displays robust health, once the first bloom of boyhood is past."

So all the morning I sat at home waiting for him. But he did not come. When dinner time came and passed, without his appearance, I grew a little vexed. And when Ruth broadly took his part, and invented such good reasons for his non-arrival, I grew vexed with her also.

"You would not like it if I fidgeted you because Agnes Herbert neglects me," said Ruth pointedly. "And she has never been here to tea since the night when Alice showed us those pictures."

I had no answer to make, but after dinner I went out, saying to myself that if everybody had forgotten the old man, he would at least take care of himself, and get a little fresh air. That is not often my train of thought, and I am very glad of it, for I found it was not at all conducive to happiness, and I went along grumbling to myself at a fine rate. I took my usual route, through the meadows flanking the road to

the village. Between their bordering of trees, now lightened of half their wealth of leaves, I caught glimpses of the Great Farm. But in the field immediately facing the house (it was the one behind the Low Meadow), I almost started to see him whose apparent negligence had thus put me out of temper. He stood, leaning against a tree upon a slight elevation. His arms were folded, and he was so rapt in gloomy reverie, that he did not observe my approach. When he did so, he started, and then stepped forward to meet me. All my pique vanished when I saw his face. If it struck me as sharpened and wan when I saw him in his twilight garret, after a day spent in crowds of faded London faces, it now seemed tenfold so, as I saw it under the trees, facing the glowing sunset. Nay, more, he wore a look of acute pain, no mere fleeting expression, but one which had lasted long enough to fix a hard line about his mouth, which was not even broken by his smile. His face recalled the face of a companion of my early manhood, who underwent a severe surgical operation. The sufferer endured without groan or sigh, but his countenance bore the stamp of that anguish till the day he died, years afterwards.

"Alice has told me about the knife which George Wilmot found in this field," he remarked presently.

I glanced at him, thinking that perhaps the revival of painful associations had something to do with the look he wore, but, on the contrary, his face seemed to clear as he went on.

"I am very glad of its discovery."

"Why so, in particular?" I asked, quietly.

"Every little detail throws light on the story," he answered, rather dreamily.

"This does not enlighten me at all," I said.

"No," he replied, "but any item may tend to disprove or to prove anything that is said."

"What is said?" I inquired, testily.

"Oh nothing," he answered, in some confusion.

His manner perplexed me. If he had spoken with such embarrassment during our first interview on the hill overlooking the river, I should have doubted his innocence. Even now, my confidence shook just a little, and we walked side by side in silence.

"That is the door of the Great Farm," he said suddenly, turning in its direction as a slight sound met my ear, so trifling and distant that I scarcely noticed it.

"You seem to know it well," I observed.

"You remember I once worked round the house, sir," he replied, with almost a dash of haughtiness in his manner. "I think Miss Herbert and her dog Griff are coming this way, sir."

So we stood still and waited for them. The great, substantial grey dog, her constant attendant, came bounding towards us, but instead of paying his usual compliments to me, he leaped upon Ewen, and overwhelmed him with the most demonstrative professions of regard.

His mistress came up almost breathless. "Oh, it is you," she said when she saw Ewen, and there was a disappointed sound in her voice which was not at all complimentary to the young man. "Griff seems to recognise you," she added more graciously.

"He recognises something," he replied, caressing the dog. "Griff, Griff, poor, faithful old fellow!"

"And how are you going on in London, my boy?" I asked presently; "as well as before, I hope."

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "I wrote you that my salary was raised at Midsummer."

"Yes," I returned, "and I knew it beforehand. But what are you doing as an artist?"

Ewen was on my right hand, and Miss Herbert on my left. She bent a little forward as I asked this question, and he rather drew back, and replied very precisely:

"I succeed better than I hoped. I have illustrated one or two poems in some journals."

"I hope they pay you well," I said.

"I am satisfied, sir," he answered, with a slight smile.

"Beginners often fare badly," I said, shaking my wise head; "however well they work, they are generally paid only as beginners."

"Then there's something to look forward to," replied the young man, with one of those quick turns by which he sometimes reminded me of my sister.

"Oh, I find people very kind," he went on, "and they are more ready to notice things than one would believe. A gentleman whose poem I illustrated asked about me, and invited me to his house, and then he called on me and looked over all my drawings, and then he asked us to a little party of young artists and authors. He is a well-born, wealthy gentleman, who can afford to show these kindnesses."

Agnes listened with intense interest.

"Does Mr. Ralph illustrate too?" I asked.

"Yes, and he does it beautifully," Ewen answered.

"Yet the gentleman did not notice his work," I said, slyly, "and so Mr. Ralph had to wait for his invitation till he made his personal acquaintance."

I wanted to put the young man on his mettle in defence of his friend, and I did not fail.

"His oversight was only an accident," he answered eagerly.

"Did he see Mr. Ralph's drawings when he visited you?" I inquired.

"Mr. Ralph did not offer to show them," said Ewen.

"Very well, my boy," I returned; "but whether it was his own fault or not, your invitation was earned and his was only honorary."

"The gentleman could see Mr. Ralph was his equal," returned Ewen, with his strange new dignity of manner. "His presence at his house would not need the explanation that he had drawn this, or written that."

"And how is Mr. Ralph?" I inquired presently.

"He is much better, sir, and he sent his most dutiful regards to you," he replied, returning to his old simple manner.

"I'm afraid Miss Herbert thinks us rather rude," I said; "our conversation must be a riddle to her. Let me explain, my dear, that Mr. Ralph is a young artist who lives with our friend here, and who seems to have seen a great deal of trouble."

"Indeed!" said Agnes. "Griff, Griff, come away, sir. You are quite troublesome to Mr. McCallum. Really, sir, she added, bending forward and addressing Ewen, "he seems as if he thought you had seen some friend of his, and so leaped up to whisper inquiries in your ear. See, up he goes again! Griff, Griff, come away!"

Her words were simple and natural enough, though she seldom said as much to a comparative stranger; but she spoke with a singular formality and emphasis, and presently, as if she thought she had not shown sufficient interest in my explanation, she remarked —

"Ralph' sounds odd for a surname. It is much more natural as a Christian one."

"Yes, certainly it is," replied Ewen, with a warmth of assent quite beyond the subject.

"And how do you like London?" she asked in a few minutes, and without waiting for a reply, added another question.

"Have you ever met any one you knew before?"

I answered for him. "I know he has met one, for he had some old acquaintance with this very Mr. Ralph."

"Yes, I knew Ralph before," he assented, for the first time naming his friend without the prefix "Mr."

"Ralph thinks of going abroad next spring," he stated presently.

"Going abroad!" exclaimed Agnes, so sharply that I started.

"Does he think he will find more scope in a new country?" I inquired.

Ewen shook his head. "I fear he will go only because he is weary of the old country," he replied. "Poor fellow, I own he acted foolishly in some things, but he has been punished as if folly were a sin, and the shadow of all he has lost hangs constantly over him. He fancies he will escape it. I think it will go with him. But, as he says, at any rate Australia or Canada will be as home-like as England is now, and there is not one who will suffer by his departure."

"But suppose he is mistaken in all this!" exclaimed Agnes, in a voice full of tears. Poor girl, I knew her sympathetic and emotional nature!

"I tell him he is mistaken," said Ewen with earnest solemnity, "but I only wish I could prove it to him."

And then we wandered on in silence, till I broke the spell by claiming Ewen's company for my sister's tea-table, and informing Miss Herbert that Ruth made certain comments about her long absence from our house. Agnes replied that she should come to see us in a day or two, and she was sure she would come oftener only she feared to be troublesome. She made this answer with a bright, eager look on her sweet face, and then she turned to Ewen and said in that pretty petitioning tone which women use when they have some dear little trifling request to make —

"Mr. McCallum, I have long wished to write to a dear friend in London, but I do not know the exact address. If I direct it as well as I can, and send it to the Refuge under cover to you, will you, if possible, supply the omissions of my superscription? I think you will be able."

"Certainly I will do what I can," he answered as if he sincerely felt the commonplace commission to be an honour and a pleasure. Then they shook hands, — a regular hearty, honest shake. And she turned away, calling the reluctant Griff to follow her.

It was nearly tea-time when Ruth welcomed our young guest. We partook of the meal in the twilight, for it was a very

fine evening, without that autumnal mirk and chill which makes artificial light and artificial heat alike grateful. The young man seemed to have recovered his spirits, and consequently his face had lost that haggard hunger which had so startled me at our first meeting. Nevertheless, when the lamp was at last brought in, and Ruth took up her knitting, I saw she stole many a glance at him, as we sat conversing about his promotions, and the cheerful prospect before him. Suddenly she said —

"Don't let the bustle of London life make you an old man before your time, Ewen."

He laughed a little constrainedly. "Do you see any symptoms, ma'am?" he queried lightly.

"Yes," answered my candid sister. "You are nearly ten years older since this time last year. Now I should not speak of this, if it were anything you could not help, but I believe it can be helped. Nobody has any right to be spendthrift in his energies and emotions."

"But, Ruth," I said, "business sometimes compels —"

"I don't say any one is not to be diligent in business," she interrupted. "But I believe the methodical exercise energy gets in business proves only strengthening development, at least while energy is young and fresh. And besides, if it be spent for any adequate return, it is well spent. If a clock wear out in keeping time, it has done its work. But if it be worn out by the hands whirling round the dial sixty times a day, then it is wasted. And so is all energy expended in emotion."

"Ruth," I exclaimed, "do you mean that one may prevent himself suffering?"

"Yes, I do," she answered; "at least to a certain degree. Mental pain is subject to the same conditions as bodily pain, which any one can either alleviate or aggravate. If a man unbinds a wound, and thinks about it, and reads about his disease, and twists the hurt limb to test the extent of the injury, he suffers for it. So if a man sets up a sorrow as a shrine where he may worship, and walks round it to survey it from all sides, and draws all his life about it, and reads fiction and poetry to see what others say of the same, then he also suffers for it."

"But sorrow should scarcely be shunned like a sin," I said.

"And it should not be courted as a virtue," she returned. "God-sent sorrow is an angel in mourning. But any sorrow which we may rightfully escape, is not God-sent. Sometimes, in old days, I've

wished to cry, but couldn't, because I had to go into the shop. And by the time the shop was closed I was braver, and did not want to cry."

"But the tears would have been a relief," I said, "and you certainly suffered no less because they might not come."

"But I was stronger for the self-control," she answered, "and you remember—

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.'

. But though I quote poetry," she added, turning to Ewen with a smile, "I don't advise you to read it. It's not that you want now. Build with granite before you clothe with creepers. Read Bacon, and Montaigne, and Rollin, and Shakspere. He's a poet, you say? Yes, my dear, but he's a dramatist. He does not tell us how bitterly he feared Anne Hathaway would reject him. He says nothing about himself. He was above it, he had better things to say. So he don't make us, his readers, think of ourselves, rather he lifts us out of self. But leave all other poets till you are growing bald, then you will want them to remind you of what you were. If they moisten your eyes then, it will do you good. Why, Mr. M'Callum," she said, pointing to our bookcase, "there are books on those shelves which I have never dared to read since I was eighteen until—not very long ago!"

My dear, enduring sister!

Ewen staid with us that night until nine o'clock, and we saw him two or three times afterwards during his brief holidays. But that visit was the only lengthened one which he paid us. For I would not give him a set invitation, as I knew his punctilious conscientiousness would accept it, however much he might prefer the society of his grandfather and sister.

But I met him in my walks, and one day, as we were strolling down a lane, rather silently, it occurred to me to inquire if Miss Herbert had forwarded her promised letter.

"Yes," he answered so briskly that I thought he was about to make some further remark, but he did not.

"And I hope you can help her with the address?" I said.

"The letter has reached its destination by this time," he replied.

"I am glad of it," I observed, just for the sake of politeness.

"So am I," he responded, rather dryly.

"Miss Herbert is a very lovely girl," I went on in my prim old-fashioned way, "but having spent so much of her life in London, I almost think she suffers from the monotony of country existence."

"Perhaps she does," said Ewen, "but though one can see when something is wrong, it is hard to guess rightly what it is. Now, I see there is something amiss with Alice, and yet I supposed Alice was so happy!"

"And so she is," I answered, "only, as the healthiest are sometimes ailing, so the happiest are sometimes sad. Life, like a portrait, must have its shadows. But the good are never miserable, though they may suffer very keenly through the sins of others, or for their sakes."

"Ay, and how far may that suffering extend?" he asked rather bitterly.

"Never farther than the valley of the shadow of death," I answered.

That was the last time I saw Ewen before he returned to London. On the day of his departure, I proposed that we should take a walk towards the station, and so have a chance of seeing the last of him. But Ruth said "No, leave him to his own relations. Partings are long remembered, and so they may like to remember they had it all to themselves."

SIR JAMES BROOKE, better known as Rajah Brooke, died on Thursday, at his house in Devonshire, his dream of conquering Borneo, and turning it into an English Java, still unfulfilled. He was a bold, upright, and somewhat over-stern adventurer, with a talent not only for conquering, but for conciliating Eastern races. The Dyaks, whom he smote so pitilessly to put down piracy, rose at his summons when he was attacked by the Chinese, and extirpated his en-

nies, and he reigned in Sarawak an unquestioned despot, without a European soldier at his back. Fifty years ago he would have added a second India to the Empire, and even as it was he gave the British name a prestige in the Archipelago which makes the Dutchmen writhe. Worse men and feeble have ere this been laid in Westminster Abbey, but we suppose no claim will be made for the last Englishman who has waged and won a private war.

Spectator, 13 June.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
JOHN HOME, THE AUTHOR OF "DOUGLAS."

THE Rev. John Home was a native of Scotland, born in the vicinity of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, in 1724. His father was Alexander Home, town-clerk of Leith, and a lineal descendant of Sir James Home, of Coldingknowes, ancestor to the Earls of Home. The poet, as is natural in a man of imagination, was tenacious of his birth. In some early verses — quoted by Sir Walter Scott — he says of himself: —

"Sprung from the ancient nobles of the land,
Upon the ladder's lowest round I stand."

It was once reported that he set forward some pretensions to the title of Earl of Dunbar; on what ground we are unable to say. He was also tenacious on the pronunciation of his name, which is usually called in Scotland *Hume*, but he insisted that *Home* was right. Once, in high controversy with David Hume, the historian and philosopher, on this point, who stood for the *u*, the latter proposed to settle the question by a cast of the dice, the winner to decide: "Nay, Mr. Philosopher," says John; "this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed; for, if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name."

Being intended for the Scots Presbyterian Church, John Home received a suitable education, and was in due time ordained, and inducted to the living of Athelstane-ford, in which he succeeded Mr. Blair, author of *The Grave*, a melancholy, soul-depressing poem, as the title implies, tending to produce depression of mind and body; but which, nevertheless, obtained, at the time of publication, much celebrity and many readers. We suspect few of the living generation have cast their eyes on it, and a still smaller number have read it through.

When the rebellion of 1745 broke out, the temporary success of the insurgents under Prince Charles Edward induced Mr. Home to suspend his clerical pursuits, and take up arms in defence of the existing Government. He was present at the battle of Falkirk, where there was more running away than fighting, on both sides; but disdaining to fly, he submitted to be taken prisoner, and, with five or six other gentlemen, contrived to escape from the Castle of Doune. The rebellion being finally quelled at Culloden, in the year following, Mr. Home abandoned the sword, and resumed the more peaceable duties of his normal profession. In 1749, he visited England,

and was introduced to Collins, the poet, who, on his return to Scotland, addressed to him his "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands, considered as the Subject of Poetry." In the opening stanza, he speaks prophetically of his new friend's future worship of Melpomene, of which, at that time, he may have indicated prospective germs, in private, although no public fruit had yet appeared:

"Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose
Naïads long
Have seen thee ling'ring with a fond delay,
'Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some
future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic
song."

Mr. Home had, in his leisure hours, cultivated the belles lettres; and, notwithstanding the rigour of the Church of which he was a member and pastor, finding in his natural genius a bent to poetry, and not believing that tragedy, in which is comprised the principles of virtue, morality, filial duty, patriotic zeal, and reverence for an overruling Power, could be inconsistent with the tenets of a religion in which all these are in the strongest manner inculcated and enjoined, he conceived and wrote the tragedy of "Douglas," which he offered for representation to the managers of the theatre in Edinburgh. The stage in the Scottish metropolis was, at that time, in a more flourishing condition than it had known for a long series of years, and vieing, in every respect, as far as comparative circumstances would permit, with that of London. The managers saw the merit of the play at once, accepted it without hesitation, put it into rehearsal, and prepared for the performance in such a manner as might do honour to the author, and bring both credit and emoluments to themselves.

Thus, so far, all was plain sailing on a fair and promising sea. But these matters coming to the knowledge of the elders of the Kirk, they, in their mistaken bigotry, or zeal, told the author, in blunt terms, that no clergyman who respected his calling ought to enter the doors of a theatre; and that the minister who wrote a play was directly inspired by the devil. They concluded by advising him to pause before he committed the *heinous sin* in contemplation. But he, not so thoroughly convinced of the iniquity of the act itself, unconscious of any ill intention, and with a strong impression that his play would meet with success, attended both by fame and profit, was unwilling to desist suddenly, and with his own hands pull down a fabric he had been rearing

at the expense of much time and labour. The elders next endeavoured to terrify the performers from representing the godless exhibition, but with no better success. Author, actors, and managers were deaf as adders, and utterly incorrigible. The play was produced on the 14th of December, 1756, with the following cast, from which it will appear there were good performers in Edinburgh in those days.

<i>Young Norval,</i>	Digges.
<i>Stranger, or Old Norval,</i>	Hayman.
<i>Glenalvon,</i>	Love.
<i>Lord Barnard,</i>	Younger.
<i>Lady Barnard,</i>	Mrs. Ward.
<i>Anna,</i>	Mrs. Hopkins.

The success exceeded all expectations. Edinburgh, for a time, talked of nothing else. On the first night, at the end of the fourth act, a young and sanguine North Briton stood up in the pit, and exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "Weel, lads: what think ye of Wully Shakespeare now?" From that day "Douglas" has maintained its place, and still remains on the living list. Of the original actors, Digges and Mrs. Ward subsequently held prominent rank in Dublin and London. The lady was said to be very beautiful. Mrs. Bellamy, in her memoirs, denies her merit; but a rival actress is not an impartial judge. Mrs. Hopkins went to Drury Lane, and afterwards to the Haymarket, to play the old ladies. She was the mother of Mrs. Brereton, who, when a widow, became Mrs. John Kemble, survived her second husband many years, and lived to be ninety. Of Hayman we hear no more. Younger became prompter of Drury Lane and manager of the Liverpool Theatre. Love achieved more reputation as *Falstaff*, in London, than he did as Home's *Villain* in Edinburgh. He was succeeded and surpassed in *Glenalvon* by Woods, whose name is more closely associated with the part in the annals of the Scotch theatre. The last-mentioned actor was of very eccentric habits, and so afraid of catching cold, that he aired his shoe-buckles, sword, and sword-knot. Of small figure, but of ample spirit, he might have been addressed, as Nat. Lee apostrophized Michael Mohun, "Thou little man of mighty mettle!" When Woods went on for a scene of passion, he required preliminary excitement to work up his tragedy feelings. Accordingly, he was wont to seize Davy Mountford, the prompter, who was "fat and scant of breath," by the neck, shake and pummel him within an inch of his life, and thus rush on the stage prepared for ex-

ertion. Mountford, finding this extra duty rather exhausting, desired the property man, after two or three bouts, to provide a substitute; and at the end of the week the following item appeared in the bill: "To a man for Mr. Woods to beat, one shilling." Woods also had a red nose, the result of good living, which gave him some trouble, as he was very anxious on the score of personal appearance, his characters generally being of the dignified cast. If he had to commence a play, and the manager asked why they did not begin, the prompter replied, "Sir, we cannot ring up until Mr. Woods has powdered his nose." This strange tragedian had terms for every different attitude. One position he called "the line of beauty;" another, "terrific horror;" a third, "tremulous agitation;" and whenever he exhibited this last, his whole frame quivered and trembled, as if under a paroxysm of palsy and ague. He retained favour with the Edinburgh audience until his death, which occurred in 1802. *Canitur adhuc.*

No sooner had "Douglas" appeared than the Scottish Presbytery denounced it as a blasphemous production, and furnishing encouragement to suicide. Proceedings were immediately instituted against the author, and other ministers who attended the representation, it having been proved by depositions that one player in the character of *Old Norval*, swore, "By Him who died on the accursed tree," an expression taken nearly verbatim from an ancient English ballad; and that another, as *Glenalvon*, exclaimed when dying, "No priest! no priest! I'll ask eternal fire!" These passages are, thus far, singular points of exception. Mr. Home suppressed both after the first performance, and never suffered them to appear in print—a strong presumption that he felt their alleged indecency. It seems strange that the selected synod of the author's friends who sat in solemn conclave to read the play before it was rehearsed—Drs. Robertson, Carlyle, and Blair, Professor Ferguson, and David Hume—should have allowed the objectionable lines to retain their place.

The Presbytery of Scotland had long raised a howl against all dramatic representations, notwithstanding their having apparently originated in modern Europe, from their own body; and for a member of holy orders to be seen within the walls of a playhouse was anathematized by their assemblies as a crime of the deepest dye. What then must have been their indignation and astonishment when they saw that, in open defiance of their most positive injunctions, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland had

not only presumed to write a dramatic composition, but procured its appearance in the unlicensed theatre of their metropolis! Their anger received fresh fuel from the success and attraction of the play, which was considerably heightened by the annexed address from David Hume, the historian, prefixed as a dedicatory epistle to his "Four Dissertations," published about a fortnight after the first performance of "Douglas": —

"To the Rev. Mr. Home, author of
‘Douglas,’ a tragedy.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was the practice of the ancients to address their compositions only to friends and equals, and render their dedications monuments of regard and affection, not of servility and flattery. In those days of candid liberty, a dedication did honour to the person to whom it was addressed, without degrading the writer. If any partiality appeared towards the patron, it was at least the partiality of friendship and affection.

"Another instance of true liberty, of which ancient times can only afford us an example, is the liberty of thought which engaged men of letters, however different in their abstract opinions, to maintain a mutual friendship and regard; and never to quarrel about principles, while they agreed in inclinations and manners. Science was often the subject of disputation, never of animosity. Cicero, an academic, addressed his philosophical treatises, sometimes to Brutus, a stoic; sometimes to Atticus, an epicurean.

"I have been seized with a strong desire of renewing these laudable practices of antiquity, by addressing the following dissertations to you, my good friend, for such I will now call and esteem you, notwithstanding the opposition which prevails between us with regard to many of our speculative tenets. These differences of opinion I have only found to enliven our conversation, while our common passion for science and letters served as a cement to our friendship. I still admire your genius, even when I imagined that you lay under the influence of prejudice; and you sometimes told me that you excused my errors, on account of the candour and sincerity which, you thought, accompanied them.

"But to tell truth, it is less my admiration of your fine genius, which has induced me to make this address to you, than my esteem for your character, and my affection to your person. That generosity of mind which ever accompanies you; that cordiality of friendship, that spirited honour and

integrity, have long interested me strongly in your behalf, and have made me desirous that a monument of our mutual amity should be publicly erected, and, if possible, preserved to posterity.

"I own, too, that I have the ambition to be the first who shall, in public, express his admiration of your noble tragedy of 'Douglas,' one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces that was ever exhibited on any theatre. Should I give it the preference to the 'Merope' of Maffei, and to that of Voltaire, which it resembles in its subject; should I affirm that it contains more fire and spirit than the former, more tenderness and simplicity than the latter, I might be accused of partiality, and how could I entirely acquit myself after the professions of friendship which I have made to you? But the unfeigned tears which flowed from every eye, in the numerous representations which have been made of it in this theatre, the unparalleled command which you appeared to have over every affection of the human breast; these are incontestable proofs that you possess the true theatrical genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other.

"My enemies, you know, and I own sometimes my friends, have reproached me with the love of paradoxes and singular opinions; and I expect to be exposed to the same imputation, on account of the character which I have given of your 'Douglas.' I shall be told, no doubt, that I had artfully chosen the only time when this high esteem of that piece could be regarded as a paradox—to wit, before its publication; and that not being able to contradict in this particular the sentiments of the public, I have, at least, resolved to go before them. But I shall be amply compensated for all these pleasantries if you accept this testimony of my regard, and believe me to be, with the greatest sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 3, 1757."

On the publication of this letter the ire of the Presbytery boiled over. That tolerant body proceeded at once to the most violent measures; summoned before the Assembly such members of their community as had dared to be seen within the doors of an excommunicated fabric; publicly censured them; suspended one for eleven months from his pastoral employment, and fulminated the following anathema, with all the *ex-cathedra* authority of a Bull from the Vatican: —

"Admonition and Exhortation by the Reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh to all within their bounds. At Edinburgh, the 5th day of January, 1757.

"The Presbytery, taking into their serious consideration the declining state of religion, the open profanation of the Lord's Day, the contempt of public worship, the growing luxury and levity of the present age, in which so many seem lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; and being particularly affected with the *unprecedented countenance* given of late to the play-house in this place, where the state of the nation, and the circumstances of the poor, make such hurtful entertainments still more pernicious; has judged it their indispensable duty to express, in the most open and solemn manner, the deep concern they feel on this occasion.

"The opinion which the Christian Church has always entertained of stage plays and players, as prejudicial to the interests of religion and morality, is well known; and the fatal influence which they commonly have on the far greater part of mankind, particularly the younger sort, is too obvious to be called in question.

"To enumerate how many servants, apprentices, and students in different branches of literature in this city and suburbs, have been seduced from their proper business, by attending the stage, would be a painful, disagreeable task. The Presbytery, in the year 1727, when consisting of many pious, prudent, and learned ministers, whose praise is in all the churches, being aware of these evils, did prepare a paper, which was read from the several pulpits within their bounds, warning the people against the dangerous infection of the theatre then erected there.

"In the year 1737, the legislature, in their great wisdom, did, by an Act of the 10th George II., enact and declare, 'That every person who should, for hire or reward, act, or cause to be acted, any play or other entertainment, of the stage, without the special licence and authority mentioned in the said act, should be deemed a rogue and a vagabond, and for every such offence should forfeit the sum of fifty pounds sterling.'

"At that time a project was set on foot to obtain a licensed theatre in this city; but the Masters and Professors of the University, supported by the magistrates, having prepared a petition, setting forth the dangerous tendency of a play-house here, with respect to the important interests of virtue and learning, the project was laid aside.

"The players, however, being so audacious as to continue to act in defiance of the

law, the Presbytery did, at their own charge, prosecute them before the court of session and prevailed in the process. The players were fined in terms of law; and warrants being issued for apprehending them, they fled from justice. But others came in their place, who since that time have attempted to elude the law, by changing the name of play-house into that of concert-hall.

"As such a slight evasion, the mere change of a name, could not make the slightest variation in the nature of the thing, the Presbytery, to do all in their power, and in their sphere, to prevent the growing evil, think themselves at this time loudly called upon, *in one body and with one voice*, to expostulate, in the bowels of love and compassion, with all under their care and inspection.

"When our gracious sovereign, attentive to the voice of Providence, is calling from the throne to humiliation and prayer, how unseemly it is for his subjects to give themselves up to mirth and jollity! When the war in which we are engaged, and many awful tokens of the Divine displeasure bespeak us, in the language of an inspired writer, to redeem the time because the days are evil, should that time be squandered away in running the round of foolish, not to say sinful amusements? When the wants and cries of the numerous poor require extraordinary supplies, how unaccountable is it to lavish away vast sums for such vain and idle purposes! When the wisdom of the nation has guarded the inhabitants of this city and suburbs from the infection of the stage, by a plain and express statute;—is it not a high instance of folly to break down that barrier, and open a door with their own hands for theatrical representations? which are, in many respects, no less inconsistent with good policy than unfriendly to religion; and will be found, sooner or later, to affect their temporal as well as spiritual interests.

"On these accounts, and for many other obvious and weighty considerations, the Presbytery, warmed with just concern for the good of souls, do, in the fear of God, warn, exhort, and obtest all within their bounds, as they regard the credit of our holy religion, and their own welfare, to walk worthy of the vocation whereunto they are called, by showing a sacred regard to the Lord's Day and all the ordinances of divine institution; and by discouraging, in their respective spheres, the illegal and dangerous entertainments of the stage.

"The Presbytery would plead with *all* in authority, with teachers of youth, parents, and masters of families, to restrain, by

every available method, such as are under their influence, from frequenting these seminaries of folly and vice. They would particularly beseech the younger part of their flock to beware, lest by example, or from a foolish desire of appearing in the fashionable world, they be misled into such pernicious snares; snares which must necessarily retard, if not entirely mar that progress in the respective parts of their education, on which their future usefulness and success depend. And lastly, they would entreat and obtest persons of all ranks and conditions, that instead of contributing to the growing licentiousness of the age, they may distinguish themselves by shining as lights in the world, being blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in a crooked and perverse nation; *occupying*, for the great purposes of the honour of God and the good of mankind, that time, that substance, and those other talents which they have received from their Lord and Master.

"The Presbytery appoint this admonition and exhortation to be read from all the pulpits within their bounds, on the last Sabbath, being the thirtieth day of this month, after divine service before noon."

This denunciation was soon strengthened by another, in the same, or rather a more excited strain, dated Glasgow, February 14, 1757.

"The Presbytery of Glasgow having seen a printed paper, entitled 'An Admonition and Exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh,' which among other evils prevailing, laments the extraordinary and unprecedented countenance given of late to the play-house in that city, and having good reason to believe that this refers to the melancholy but notorious facts, that one who is a minister of the Church of Scotland, did himself write and compass a stage-play entitled 'The Tragedy of Douglas,' and got it to be acted on the theatre at Edinburgh;—and that he, with several other ministers of this Church, were present, and some of them oftener than once, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience; the Presbytery being affected with this new and strange appearance, think it their duty to declare, as they hereby do, that they agree with the Presbytery of Edinburgh in their sentiments with regard to stage-plays; and particularly that such entertainments, from what has been usually exhibited in them, and also from the dissolute lives (for the most part) and infamous character of the players, have been looked upon by the Christian Church in all ages, and of all different communions, as ex-

tremely prejudicial to religion and morality, as well as hurtful to the valuable interests of human society, by the wasteful expense of money and time they have occasioned;—and being convinced by long experience, a sure test of the tendency of any action or practice, how vain it is to expect such a reformation of the stage as is consistent with the ends aforesaid;—and, therefore, such entertainments should be discouraged and laid aside.

"And the Presbytery, further considering that the unprecedent countenance given to the play-house, in the instance mentioned, is greatly aggravated by a late Act of Parliament, rendering the stage,—because not licensed,—unlawful in Scotland, and also from the present circumstances of the nation with regard to the war we are engaged in, the dearth of provisions and the awful tokens of Divine anger against us;—they therefore hereby appoint such of their members as shall represent them in the ensuing General Assembly of this Church, to move and insist in a regular manner, that the venerable Assembly do declare, by a public act, their judgment, and that of this National Church, against the entertainments of the Theatre, as of very hurtful tendency to the interests of religion and society.

"Secondly, that the Assembly do strictly inquire whether the facts above mentioned, viz., that a minister of this Church has compassed and procured to be acted on the Theatre of the Canongate, in Edinburgh, the tragedy called 'Douglas'; and that the representations of the said tragedy were attended by him and several other ministers, having been under consideration of the Presbyteries respectively concerned, and whether these ministers, having been found guilty, have been censured as their faults deserved; and to give such directions as they in their wisdom shall find necessary, that each minister may be made sensible that the Church of Scotland will never protect her members in a practice so unbecoming their character, and of such pernicious tendency to the great interests of religion, industry, and virtue. And lastly, that the Assembly would use their best endeavours to obtain such an explication and enforcement of the Act of the 17th of Geo. II., against the play-house, as it may not be liable to the pitiful evasions by which it is eluded."

The play and the author being now the objects of avowed persecutors, as a matter of course, the supposed nuisance gained additional patronage and popularity, from the attempt to put it down. The managers continued to act "Douglas;" the public crowded

to see it more and more; and from anathemas the Presbytery proceeded to acts. David Hume was induced to cancel his dedication, from an impression that it increased the outcry. Mr. Home was cited to appear before his own Presbytery, at Haddington, on the 5th of April, but excused himself until the 1st of May, when he promised to attend. This indulgence was conceded, with certification that the Presbytery would proceed to judgment at the time appointed, without delay, of which Mr. Home received a formal intimation by letter.

On the meeting of the Presbytery at Haddington, Mr. Home requested a further indulgence of a week. They referred the whole matter to the Synod at Edinburgh, which was to meet on the 10th, and adjourned themselves to the same day, that Mr. Home might have an opportunity of attending, if he thought proper. The Presbytery accordingly met, and he attended, but no minute was entered upon the business. The question, however, came before the Synod on the 12th, and was remitted to the Presbytery at Haddington for want of form. At this meeting Mr. Home did not think it advisable to appear. He preached his farewell sermon at Athelbonford, to his own congregation, on Sunday, June the 5th, when many of them were bathed in tears; and on Tuesday, the 7th, gave in his own demission to the Presbytery at Haddington. From that day he assumed the lay habit, laid aside his clerical designation, relinquished the honours and emoluments of the sacred profession, and turned his thoughts more exclusively to secular pursuits.

The *Edinburgh Courant*, which contained the fulminations against "Douglas," advertised at the same time its repeated performance, "with material alterations by the author." Home, although he did not choose to face the Presbytery on his own account, exhibited more determination in the cause of his friend Carlyle, who had been summoned to answer for the high crime and misdemeanour of witnessing a play. He obtained interest to get himself elected a lay elder; this gave him a right to speak in the Synod, when he defended Carlyle with great spirit; declared that if there was any fault it was his own, with whom the offence had originated, and concluded with the appropriate line from Virgil —

"Me, me: adsum qui feci; in me convertile furum!"

Carlyle received a severe reprimand, and narrowly escaped the cutty stool and expulsion by an unqualified avowal of contrition

and a promise never to repeat the sin. The rage of the Kirk gave rise to many pamphlets on both sides of the question. The enemies of the stage poured forth abuse, its defenders pelted back ridicule. As a specimen of the first, the following extract vies with Jeremy Collier in his most truculent mood: "It is agreed upon, by sober Pagans themselves, that play-actors are the most profligate wretches and vilest vermin that hell ever vomited out; that they are the filth and garbage of the earth, the scum and stain of human nature, the excrements and refuse of all mankind, the pests and plagues of human society; the debauchers of men's minds and morals; unclean beasts, idolatrous Papists or Atheists, and the most horrid and abandoned villains that ever the sun shone upon." Truly these, as Sir Walter Scott says, are bitter words. The foaming zeal of such a controversialist is like that imputed by Dryden to Collins; if it failed to eat up the disputants, it devoured, at least, all sense of decency and good manners.

In the meantime Home re-stirred himself actively to get his play introduced to the London boards. Having some interest with Lord Bute, it was placed in Garrick's hands. He rejected it; some said on the ground that the plot was too simple and undramatic, in which opinion Dr. Johnson conceded. If so, they were wrong. But both were partial to stilts, forgetting that simplicity and pathos are the leading ingredients of tragedy. Others, not friendly to Garrick, hinted that he thought Mrs. Cibber would carry away the greatest share of applause in the heroine, and throw him into the shade. Home then took "Douglas" to Rich, at Covent Garden. He accepted it at once. It was produced there on Monday, March 14, 1757, the day upon which another tragedy was acted at Portsmouth, called "The Death of Admiral Byng," as sanguinary and affecting a performance as ever was exhibited. N. B.—The first London cast of "Douglas" was as follows, the names of *Lord and Lady Barnard* being changed to *Randolph* —

<i>Young Norval</i> ,	.	.	Barry.
<i>Old Norval</i> ,	.	.	Sparks.
<i>Glenalvon</i> ,	.	.	Smith.
<i>Lord Randolph</i> ,	.	.	Ridout.
<i>Lady Randolph</i> ,	.	.	Mrs. Woffington.
<i>Anna</i> ,	.	.	Mrs. Vincent.

A goodly array of talent. The play drew nine houses the first season, was much applauded and admired; and though by no means so popular as it afterwards became, it was manifest that the vital element was

strong and enduring within it. Strange were the anomalies of stage costume in those days. Barry arrayed the noble shepherd in a suit of white puckered satin, fantastically shaped and fringed, instead of donning the panoply of the mountain robber he had slain, of whom he distinctly says —

" He wore that day the arms which now I wear."

The following criticisms appeared in the *London Chronicle* :—

" At Covent Garden, March 14, was presented, for the first time, a new tragedy entitled 'Douglas,' to a most numerous and splendid audience. As this author writes entirely on the side of morality, we cannot conceive why an inflammatory spirit should have arisen against him in his own country. It may, however, be some consolation to him that from a London audience he has met with the warmest testimonials of approbation, and that he has sent many of them home, if not better men, at least very sensibly alive to the loveliness of virtue. We cannot, at present, pretend to give an exact critique on this piece, but a short history of our own affections, while under his operation, is in our power, and that we beg leave to offer to the public. From the opening of the play, we felt our passions irresistibly seized and attached to the subject. Mrs. Woffington, who begins it, breaks into a beautiful pathos at once poetical and simple. As the story unfolds itself by degrees, the interest grows stronger, and upon the introduction of Mr. Barry, our hopes and fears were agreeably set at variance. The scene in which Mr. Sparks makes his first appearance seemed to us admirably written and very finely performed by the player. The pastoral simplicity of his language and the purity of his manners were highly pleasing; our expectation is well worked up, and terror and pity reign in every breast, till by due degrees the discovery is made, when a tide of joy breaks in upon us. There is, likewise, a great deal of tenderness between the mother and the son when she discovers herself to him; and Mr. Barry, in the passage which succeeds this, entertained his auditors with some masterly strokes of acting. The catastrophe was likewise very affecting. Hope, joy, terror, and pity, which are the true tragic passions, when well contrasted, were here agitated to a very high degree of emotion. Upon the whole the characters appeared to be well drawn; the diction has an easy strength, nowhere too rich, generally expressive, often impassioned, and sometimes sublime. Though the fable bears a resemblance to that of 'Merope,' yet the

circumstances are sufficiently varied. Mr. Barry acquitted himself well in his part. Mrs. Woffington convinced us that she can touch the tender passions very feelingly, and Mr. Sparks rose greatly above himself by descending, if I may be allowed the antithesis, from the fustian of acting, to the simple workings of nature. To conclude, we met with a very pathetic entertainment this night, and will venture to promise our readers the same pleasing melancholy whenever they choose to see the tragedy of 'Douglas.' "

" March 15.

" Was repeated the new tragedy of 'Douglas,' mentioned in our last. We have collected the opinions of the public concerning this piece, and we find it generally agreed that a beautiful simplicity runs through the whole composition, and that some of the scenes are exquisitely tender and pathetic. We wait the publication of the play before we can add any thing to our former remarks, and shall conclude by expressing the pleasure with which we see it advertised for the author's benefit on Thursday evening, the 17th, when, we make no doubt that though the age in general is fond of finery, he will find feeling hearts to encourage a writer who dares to imitate the ancient simplicity, and who, in all his scenes of distress, speaks the native accents of the passions."

On the 19th of March, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third, commanded a repetition of the play, and the Duke of Cumberland, the *hero* of Culloden, sent the author a handsome present, on account of his benefit. The Prince, when George III., on the recommendation of Lord Bute, gave Mr. Home a pension of £300 per annum, and a post in Scotland which produced as much more. Altogether he received solid compensation for the hostility of the Kirk. In 1758, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Dublin Theatre, brought out "Douglas" at Smock Alley, the two leading characters by himself and Mrs. Kennedy. The lady had pretensions as a comic actress, but in tragedy sank below par. Sheridan admired the play greatly, felt confident of its attractions, and, with extreme liberality, publicly announced his intention of giving the author his third night, as if it had been an original production. The receipt on the first representation was good, on the second something less. By this time the Dublin booksellers had printed the play with the Scotch anathemas prefixed. Things instantly took a new turn; "Douglas" was reprobated as a

profanation of the clerical character, on the part of a dissenting parson; a faction was raised against it, and the author's night, upon which an overflow had been anticipated, fell far short of the expenses. The Irish manager felt himself in an awkward predicament; he had raised expectations which could not be answered, and was too high minded to let the matter rest there, under difficulties he had neither foreseen nor created. He consulted his friend and connection by marriage, Mr. Samuel Whyte. It was at first suggested to forward a friendly letter to the author, accompanied by a handsome piece of plate. Whyte objected to this, reflecting that as Mr. Home was not a family man, it might run him to expense in displaying it. He then hinted that a gold medal, as a thing that could be conveniently carried about, would accomplish the complimentary purpose. It was accordingly executed, to the intrinsic value of about twenty guineas, bearing on one side an engraved laurel wreath, and on the reverse, the following inscription: "Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Theatre Royal, Smock Alley, Dublin, presents this small token of his gratitude to John Home, for having enriched the stage with the tragedy of 'Douglas.'" Even this tribute was very near missing the hands for which it was designed. Mr. Whyte, to whom it was intrusted, when a few miles from London, was stopped by highwaymen, and preserved the well-meant offering by the sacrifice of his purse, at the imminent peril of his life. This is the true history of Thomas Sheridan's medal, which was ultimately conveyed to Home through Lord Macartney and Lord Bute.

Boswell tells us, eighteen years later, in 1775, that in conversation with Dr. Johnson, at the club, the latter said: "Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I called to Sheridan, 'Sir, sir, how came you to give a gold medal to Home for writing that foolish play?' This, you see, was wanton and insolent; but I meant to be wanton and insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold medal as an honorary reward of dramatic excellence, he should have requested one of the Universities to choose the person on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan had no right to give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin." We suspect some exaggeration or mis-statement in this scrap of Boswellism, and wish we could have heard what Sheridan said in reply. He was not a man likely to submit in silence to a gratuitous insult from any one, if he felt that such was intended. What Johnson is reported

to have said is mere dogmatism, not argument. The one had quite as much right to echo public opinion by the present of a private token of respect, as the other had to call this successful work a foolish play, in haughty defiance of that generally expressed opinion. Dr. Johnson sneered at Home, and undervalued his tragedy, most likely because he was a Scotchman. The lexicographer was a great writer, a mighty moralist, and a good man, abounding with prejudices. His mental scope was prodigious, but his powers failed when grappling with the tragic muse. "Douglas" is worth a hundred "Irenes."

When Digges and Mrs. Ward came to Dublin in 1759, and played their original parts in "Douglas," the feeling against the author had entirely subsided, and the play brought good houses for several nights. The "Dramatic Censor," in 1770, referring to the successive performers up to that date, says: "Mr. Barry never showed less of capital merit than in 'Douglas': almost the whole part seemed to drag upon his tongue; he was either negligent, or the passions not being wrought up to the degree of expression in which he excels, the part slipped from him without any perception of his own deficiency. Digges was extremely pleasing and happy in the narrative and descriptive passages, nor was he in any way deficient in tenderness; the author stood much indebted to this gentleman for the prosperous existence of his piece. Mr. Brereton may walk through to fill up time before a pantomime or the Jubilee, but neither the manager nor himself will wish to see the whole of our opinion respecting his attempt. Old Norval's simplicity and fidelity of heart is well imagined, and finished in a masterly manner. Mr. Sparks discovered judgment and power, but was too mechanical and laborious. He pumped up his grief, and his sensibility was accompanied by stray marks of affection. Mr. Packer, avoiding these faults, deserves preference. Mr. Love, the first murderer of the murdering villain, Glenalvon, was hateful indeed; not from marking the features of the character with propriety, as *Glenalvon*, but as *himself*. There never, surely, was a more rambling, insipid exhibition, since the days of Thespis. Mr. Smith supplied a great contrast, yet quite as much out of keeping. One growled like a thunder-storm, the other simpered like an April fit of sunshine. Mr. Palmer has capacity to do the part justice, but Mr. Reddish would, we think, be better still. Mrs. Woffington, whose tragic utterance was, in general, the bane of tender ears, never appeared to less advantage than

in *Lady Randolph*. Mrs. Ward did as much justice to the part as poet or audience could wish. Mrs. Barry, at present, having greater power, surpassed the last-mentioned lady in execution."

That *Mrs. Woffington*, the unrivalled *Sir Harry Wildair* of sparkling comedy, with a shrill, defective voice, could even pass muster in such characters as *Lady Randolph*, *Lady Macbeth*, or *Lady Constance*, implies wonderful versatility and great power with the audience; but she was surpassingly beautiful, and beauty is a cloak which covers as many sins as charity itself. "Douglas" in all seasons has been acted with a vast concentration of talent. Thirty-five years after the criticism quoted above, the four principal characters were sustained at Covent Garden by Charles Kemble, John Kemble, George Frederic Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons. Living playgoers may remember Young, Charles Kemble, Macready, and Miss O'Neill in the same combination. This tragedy has been estimated too highly, and too much condemned. It has faults, but more excellences. *Lady Randolph* in the first scene relates the secret transactions of her life to her confidant, *Anna*. This is certainly a most unnatural mode of letting the audience into the plot; and the plot ought not to stand still so late as the fourth act. Gray praises the play vainly, in spite of what he calls, without specifying them, "all its defects." Sir Walter Scott says in his "Diary," "John Home's works are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse and stately sentiment, but something lukewarmish, excepting 'Douglas,' which is certainly a master-piece. Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; and it is certainly one of the best acting plays we have. Perhaps a play to act well should not be too poetical." The Rev. Dr. Styles, of Brighton, a bitter maled master, says of "Douglas," "The aspect of this play on Christianity is exceedingly dangerous." Will any commentator on Styles be kind enough to explain what this means, which we have tried in vain to comprehend. Here and there the words fate and destiny are substituted by Home for providence; this may be a logical confusion of terms, but surely it is not a pre-meditated attack on revealed religion, any more than is the common conversational use of such expressions as good or bad luck, propitious or hostile stars, and the like, in which thousands indulge without the slightest idea that they thereby lay themselves open to the charge of deism or infidelity. We have even heard extremists object to the use of above, mediate, intercede, sacri-

fice, etc., as solely applicable to spiritual subjects. If we refine on language to this extent there will soon be an end of general literature. As the Rev. John Rotheram says in his "Essay on Faith," "All human acquirements will thus come to be reckoned profane and heathenish. Reason itself will be regarded with a jealous eye, as the rival of true religion, and heaven, that sacred pledge of faith, will be considered as a vain idol, and all our studies idolatry."

In fine, "Douglas" is unquestionably the production of a classical and elegant mind. It has an ardour of pathos not unworthy of our most favourite writers, and though some of the scenes trifle too long with the feelings, are redundant in description, and the catastrophe sweeps off innocent and guilty together, we consider the tragedy; taken in the whole, as the genuine offspring of a poetical fancy, which may improve the head, and can never taint the heart.

In 1758, Garrick, repentant for the loss of "Douglas," and considerably urged by the author's friends, accepted the tragedy of "Agis," written many years before, and rejected when first offered. He played the principal part himself; the cast included Mossop, Holland, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Yates. By dint of good acting and excellent support, it went through eleven nights, and then descended quietly and permanently to the tomb. In 1760, a third tragedy by Home, "The Siege of Aquilica," found a place in the same well stocked repository, after a run of nine nights; on this occasion Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were the only first rate performers engaged. The three tragedies were published together in the same year, and a large sale recompensed the author for the partial failure of his two latter productions.

"The Siege of Aquilica" has one fine poetical passage, which almost rivals the celebrated dream in "Sardanapalus." Here it is: Cornelia says,—

As I slumb'ring lay
About that hour when glad Aurora springs
To chase the lagging shades, methought I was
In Rome, and full of peace the city seem'd;
My mind, oblivious too, had lost its care.
Serene I stepp'd along the lofty hall
Embellish'd with the statues of our fathers,
When suddenly an universal groan
Issued at once from every marble breast.
Aghast I gazed around! when slowly down
From their high pedestals I saw descend
The murder'd Gracchi. Hand in hand, the
brothers
Stalk'd towards me. As they approach'd more
near,
They were no more the Gracchi but my sons

Paulus and Titus ! At that dreadful change
I shriek'd and wak'd. But never from my mind
The spectacle shall part. Their awful eyes at
Drury Lane,
Their cheeks of stone ! Their look of death and
woe.

He now abstained from the buskin for nine years. In 1769, Garrick produced Home's "Fatal Discovery." This time the principal characters were intrusted to Barry, Reddish, and Mrs. Barry. Murphy, in his Life of Garrick, pours out his wrath in palsies against this Ossianic tragedy, which ran ten nights, and after a sleep of seven years was raked up for one night more, at Covent Garden, for Mrs. Barry's benefit. In 1773, Reddish and Mr. Barry supported Home's fifth dramatic effort, "Alonzo;" and carried it through eleven repetitions. This play is not much inferior to "Douglas" from intricacy of plot and variety of incident, though founded on a romantic idea of deciding the fate of nations by single combat. In 1778, "Alfred the Great," a very poor historical piece, produced at Covent Garden, wound up the list of Home's dramatic efforts. It was a failure, being acted only thrice.

After a lapse of many years, during which time his pen remained idle, Mr. Home published, in 1802, "A History of the Rebellion in 1785," from which great expectations were excited, on account of the means he possessed of being well and correctly informed. These expectations, however, were not realized; the work being meagre and unsatisfactory, defective in many important points, and not at all calculated to gratify curiosity, to afford information, or support the pretensions of the writer as a historian. His last appearance before the public, under any circumstances or position, occurred in 1804, when Master Betty, the young Roscius, as he was designated, played *Douglas* at the Edinburgh theatre. Home stepped before the curtain, after witnessing the performance, in obedience, we believe, to a general call from the house; in the excess of his rapture, he bowed respectfully to every section of the audience, and retired amidst their tumultuous acclamations. He was then eighty-two, and perhaps verging on dotage, or he could scarcely have heaped such enthusiastic encomiums as he is said to have done, on the crude, unfledged attempt of a boy of thirteen, with undeveloped voice and powers; or have persuaded himself that he saw in such a manikin any like the portrait he had conceived of the stalwart though youthful mountaineer, into whose mouth he puts the following lofty aspirations : —

" May Heaven inspire some prime *gigantic* Dane
To beat a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die ! "

Blood and the pride of ancestry will do much; but in a hand to hand conflict, with a son of Arak, bone, sinew, and muscle are indispensable requisites. The beau ideal of a hero requires something to strike the eye as well as to captivate the heart. Tom Thumb may do for the champion of a burlesque, but not for a tragedy.

John Home died at Merchiston House, near Edinburgh, on the 4th of September, 1808, in his eighty-sixth year. Through life he had been, as far as his means and station would admit, the friend and patron of merit; and under his fostering hand many sparks of literary genius, that would otherwise have lain dormant, were brought to light. One remarkable instance deserves special record. The celebrated poems of Ossian would, in all probability, never have been heard of, had not Mr. Home stretched forth his protecting hand to Macpherson, the translator, imitator, and inventor; his distinct title not being yet decided. While Macpherson was schoolmaster of Ruthven, in Badenoch, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting, from the native but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of those singular poems. A few of them he rendered, as he said, from the Gaelic into English, and inserted them occasionally in a weekly miscellany, then conducted at Edinburgh, by Walter Ruddiman. The beauty of these pieces soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home, and Drs. Robertson and Blair; and it was resolved by those gentlemen to send for Macpherson from his humble retreat. He accordingly came to Edinburgh, and had an interview with these eminent literateurs. The result was that he resigned his situation as a country pedagogue; travelled, at their expense, all over the Highlands, and collected the originals of those poems which have since become the subjects of so much controversy. The prevailing opinion seems to be that they were cooked up, if not entirely invented by Macpherson. Had he not talked of manuscripts never produced, he would have made a much better fight with oral tradition. Such a line of descent might account for scraps or even complete pieces of poetry, though carried back to remote generations. It was totally different with such a matter of fact affair as the correspondence of Pope Ganganelli. When Voltaire asked the compiler of these letters to produce the originals, and he failed to do so, this at once

and conclusively stamped them as inventions. From the beginning of the Ossianic controversy, Dr. Johnson was a stubborn unbeliever. He expresses his opinion, as was his wont, in very plain terms. This led to a pugnacious and unscholastic interchange of missives between the poet's representative and the philosopher, ending in the purchase of a shilling cudgel by the latter. In the early part of the controversy, Dr. Johnson was led into the subject by Dr. Blair, who, appealing to the internal evidence of the antiquity of the poems, asked him whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children." At that time he was not aware that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil. When afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed considerable displeasure at Dr. Fordyce, who had prompted Dr. Blain to the topic, and said, "I am not sorry they got thus much for their pains; sir, it was like leading a man to talk of a book with the author concealed behind the door."

It has been said in print that Ossian was a favourite author with the first Napoleon. Strange, if true, that the most practical of created minds should have enjoyed or understood the fantastical reveries of one of the most imaginative. Still more so, that he could have imbibed any notion of the original style from a French translation! But let the question of genuineness rest as it may, it is quite certain that "Ossian" brought Macpherson worldly profit, fame, and promotion. In 1764 he accompanied Governor Johnstone to Florida, as secretary. After his return he translated the "Iliad" of Homer into Celtic verse, wrote a History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover, and also employed his pen in vindicating the measures of Government during the American war. He was afterwards appointed agent to the Nabob of Arcot, and died a Member of Parliament, in 1796, aged fifty-eight. He left £2,000 to his early patron, Home, in grateful recollection of the acts of kindness he had received from him at the outset of his career.

We close our sketch with an anecdote. Home was constitutionally serious, but he once condescended to a jocularity. He was fond of claret, and took his glass *con amore*, when that Hygeian beverage, by the connivance of the authorities, was allowed to be imported into Scotland, under the mitigated duties applicable to the concoction called

Southampton port. When the impost was more than doubled, he delivered himself of the following epigram, which has often appeared in print before:—

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his Claret good;
'Let him drink Port,' an English statesman
cried;
He took the poison—and his spirit died."

The works of John Home were published in 1824, in three volumes, 8vo, under the supervision of his friend, the venerable Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling." Sir Walter Scott reviewed them in the *Quarterly* in 1827. We doubt whether they would ever have been edited, reviewed, or remembered, had Home not written the tragedy of "Douglas."

From Belgravia.

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

It is the fashion with some who would pass as examples of original genius or unsophisticated good-nature to speak slightly of that unwritten code of society known as the rules of *étiquette*. Doubtless natural politeness taught by no rule is delightful enough. Politeness has been defined to be benevolence in small things; and some persons may have as strong a genius in this way as the calculators and arithmeticians who have never been to school, and will tell you without taking breath what is the cost of fifty million pounds of sugar at seven-pence three farthings a pound. But is benevolence so universal a quality that society can wisely allow each individual to be left to his inspirations? Hypocrisy has been called the homage vice renders to virtue; affect a virtue if you have it not. And the rules of politeness, known as *étiquette*, exact from each individual a certain deference to the feelings of others which is in its way a homage to humanity. Of such rules it may be said as Labruyère says of the commonplace phrases of compliment current in his own time:

"Il y a un certain nombre de phrases toutes faites que l'on prend comme dans un magasin, et dont l'on se sert pour se féliciter les uns les autres sur les événements. Bien qu'elles se disent souvent sans affection et qu'elles soient reçues sans reconnaissance, il n'est pas permis avec cela de les omettre, parce que du moins elles sont l'image de ce qu'il y a de meilleur, qui est l'amitié, et que les hommes, ne pouvant guère comp-

ter les uns sur les autres pour la réalité, semblent être convenus entre eux de se contenter des apparences."

And if the rules of *étiquette* be carefully considered they will be found for the most part devised with this view, to enforce on members of society an appearance at least of humanity and benevolence ; but not that with too many on whom society has enforced this external polish the inner nature remains as uncivilised as in the age of the stone-period ; you may scrape off the varnish of civility with a five-franc piece and find the Lacustrian savage underneath. In the mediæval times, when everybody paid toll at the town-gate for all commodities and instruments of handicraft which they brought into the walls, the *jongleur* used to arrive before the city-warders with his rebeck and his ape ; and in return for a few scrapes on his fiddle, and a few gambols from his ape before the guard, the latter—in their parti-coloured raiment, with helmet on their heads and cuirass on their shoulders—would descend to give the poor fellow a good-humoured laugh and word, and let him go through scot-free. The *jongleurs* have increased in number and in seriousness of occupation since then, but they have lost their privilege of going scot-free on any occasion. Nevertheless, the expression "*payer en monnaie de singe*" still exists, and the manner of payment too, though practised by less meritorious members of society than our old friend the *jongleur*. Our Lacustrian people with the polished outsiders, for example, contrive to get through life very comfortably by conformity to certain exigences of society ; they pay their debt to humanity "*en monnaie de singe*".

The French have always had the reputation of being the most advanced nation in the world in matters of politeness, and we know many who persist in saying that this excellence consists "*en payant en monnaie de singe*" only ; but such is not the opinion of the writer. It is true, however, that elderly people among the French themselves, with a flavour of the old régime still clinging about them, lament the decay of polite usages, and pronounce for a general *décadence* of all things in these days of *Femmes à la barbe*—*Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur-Barbes-blous*, and *Grandes duchesses*. But such complaints have always existed. The

"Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores"

style of lamentation must have existed ever since the days of Methuselah, after which human nature grew so corrupt that it could

no longer support nine hundred and sixty-nine years of existence. Nevertheless, let us not have the conceit to believe such a lamentation can have no truth in any case.

Dismissing, then, the question of the relative politeness of the French of this and of past generations, we may state our belief that no people ever regulated existence and the terms of intercourse of society so conveniently as the French ; and if the chief aim of life should be to extract out of it the greatest amount of pleasure and self-satisfaction, we conceive that our neighbours have never been surpassed in the success with which they have organised all social arrangements. As for politics, we leave those to politicians ; but the arrangements of family life, social life, the ways of establishing oneself in life, and of gathering generally as many of the roses of existence as possible without the thorns, are all planned and observed with such regularity and precision that the greatest-happiness-of-the-greatest-number principle is there triumphantly developed. With us, life, compared with life in France, is a hury-scurry, a burly-burly, a sort of Donnybrook Fair, in fact ; and we have always thought the difference of existence in the two countries was well characterised by the crowds who wait outside the doors of the theatres in the respective countries. Observe the French crowd. It is true the *sergent de ville* is there, and that the claimants for admission are *parqué* between ingeniously-contrived lines of railing ; but the office of the *sergent de ville* is a mere sinecure on such occasions, and there is never any pressure of any kind on the railings or on the persons of the expectant crowd. Each new-comer arrives and takes his place in the *queue*, and remains there like a peg in a cribbage-board till the time arrives when he can move comfortably on, pay his money at the little wicket, and enter quietly. No one ever seeks by dint of kicking or plunging to get an undue advantage over his neighbour,—nor would it be tolerated by the rest ; and you may venture yourself among the *blouses* of Paris and be sure of no crushing. But he who has ever been among a crowd in white neckties, spotless shirts, and *décolleté* waistcoats at the door of an English Italian Opera-House on a *gala-night*, when Patti was going to sing—can he say the same thing ? This rule seems to be instinctively and religiously observed in most social arrangements in France—that the convenience of each individual is inseparable from the convenience of his neighbour.

It would require necessarily a volume to

show with what careful order and regularity all domestic and social life is arranged among this people, of the interior economy of whose lives next to nothing is known abroad. The training of a French housewife would demand a chapter in itself, and a very long one. For a woman of business, the Frenchwoman is unrivalled; and no chemist with his scruples and drachms can be more precise in his management of weights and measures than the mistress of a French household. Our business in this paper is with the embroidery of daily life—that part of the duties of men and women to each other which is mostly conventional, and in the eyes of cynics superfluous.

Etiquette, then, in France is, in its broad general features, not dissimilar to that in practice among us; but there is a variety of different *nuances* and shades which is not unillustrative of the different character and institutions of the two countries. It is almost impossible, of course, to draw a sharp line between *étiquette* and good manners and obligatory customs, and we shall mix the three up together in endeavouring to characterise the difference of social observances in France and England.

We will begin with the *étiquette* respecting courtship and marriage, from the proposal to the solemnisation, which is not only widely different from all English customs, but, from the peculiar habits of French society, is necessarily of the most delicate and susceptible character.

We will not here enter upon the much-discussed question as to the relative merits of the English and French way of marriage. As a general rule, the French bride comes to her husband fresh from the school and the convent. She has never been blighted in affections, or played with her own happiness or that of others. She has had no period of *flirtation*, and generally she is prepared to love the husband whom her parents or guardians may recommend her. There is no hypocrisy, and it is thoroughly understood that marriage without something like equivalent fortune, or connections which may supply its place by *protection* and advancement, is impossible. Exceptions, however, may be made for certain forms of personal distinction in the way of rank and talent. Generally speaking, we believe Frenchwomen—except among the luxurious and depraved circles, whose morals are as bad as those of the *demi-monde*—make excellent wives; and when a Frenchwoman is good as wife or mother, her tact and intelligence render her of inestimable value to her husband and children.

Parents and friends, as is well known, play a much larger part in the arrangements of marriages than with us: little is left to chance. It is considered by the friends of a young man that the most important step in life, and the most conducive to his steadiness and welfare, is his marriage; and even friends, not relatives or guardians, will not scruple to recommend any person supposed suitable, when they think the time has arrived for him to become settled. As for falling in love, except at first sight, this is not very common or even possible. Girls are rarely long in society before they are married—marriage takes place on both sides much earlier than with us; and even when girls go into society, the opportunities for flirtation and engaging affections, &c., are so limited and so carefully guarded against by mothers and *chaperones*, that they practically do not exist.

We will suppose that M. Horace Delaunay has seen Mademoiselle Rosalie Dubois, or that she has been spoken of to him, and that on inquiry as to her position, &c., he finds she is a person whom he would like to marry. He is bound to observe a rigorous compliance with inexorable rules, the violation of any one of which would be probably the ruin of all his hopes. *Etiquette* has nothing to say about the affections, but simply, like a treatise on strategies and tactics, lays down certain methods of proceeding, without considering the cause of action.

The first step which M. Delaunay or his parents must take for him is to ask a mutual friend to inquire of the family of the young lady if his offer of marriage will be agreeable. It is absolutely contrary to all good breeding for M. Delaunay to do this himself; and if he is refused, good breeding requires him to make no sign of disappointment, but to remain with the family *précisements sur le même pied*; just on the same footing as before. It will be comprehended that all allusion to the refusal would be of the worst of tastes; “*du plus mauvais goût*.”

But suppose M. Delaunay has no common friend: in this case he must address himself to the *cure* of the parish of the family, if they are Catholics—to the *pasteur*, if they are Protestants—to the Rabbi, if they are Jewish—and solicit one of these to make the inquiry.

If he prefers it, he may go to the family lawyer; and indeed, if the lady is an elderly person or widow, this is the only admitted way of arranging this preliminary. But in any case he must get a suitable introduction to *cure pasteur*, rabbi, or notary.

If the reply be favourable, M. Delaunay

asks for permission to visit the family, or he asks to be introduced, if he has not been so already.

This first visit must take place without the presence of the young lady, and all affairs of property, settlement, &c., are then to be discussed. The family are supposed already to be informed of all details about the position of M. Delaunay by his intermediary; the parents or guardians are now supposed to put further questions to the young man, and to declare whether the replies are satisfactory or not, and to communicate on their side all details about the young lady's fortune and expectations. The young man is invited to visit them on a future day, and the day and hour of the visit are fixed. If the replies of M. Delaunay are not found satisfactory, the young lady's representatives require time for reflection, and they separate on the most cordial terms possible, and the suitor is required by good breeding not to make any further advances unless he is recalled.

However, suppose M. Delaunay has satisfied the exigences of father, mother, guardian, notary, &c., and the hour of the first visit is arranged in which he is to see the object of his marriage-intentions for the first time as a suitor. The visit must naturally be arranged to take place when no other visitors are expected. Good taste requires toilettes on both sides to be carefully proper, although any display—*une toilette tapageuse*—is of the worst taste; the young lady especially must be simply but neatly attired. Mademoiselle Dubois, having already been informed of the proposal, sits between her parents, and no allusion whatever is made to the subject of M. Delaunay's visit during the first interview. It is, in fact, a simple visit of *reconnaissance*; the enemies are placed in presence of and examine each other, talking about the most indifferent things in the world. If, however, either on the occasion of the first visit or of the second, M. Delaunay is not satisfied with the explanations given him, or the appearance of Mademoiselle Dubois, he can still retreat conveniently by writing to say that a little journey, which he is obliged to take, will deprive him for some time of the pleasure he anticipated in being able to continue his visits, &c. If, on the contrary, he desires to go on with the negotiation, he must make a formal demand, by his father, mother, or other relative or friend, to be admitted into the family under the title of *prétendu*.

If the request is accepted, M. Delaunay ought immediately to write a note to the parents to ask when it will be agreeable for

them to receive his visit of acknowledgment and thanks; and when this interview takes place, Mademoiselle Dubois, having been duly informed of the present condition of the proceedings, will, after the proper compliments have passed on both sides, be sent for; and the young man is presented to her as her future husband.

From this time M. Delaunay is received in the house of the family on *intimate* but not on *familiar* terms, with respect to which there is a wide distinction. M. Delaunay is required, for example, always to come with a toilette suitable for a visit of ceremony, and the young lady on her side too must observe a similar carefulness. M. Delaunay is expected, of course, to pay frequent visits to the house, but always in ceremonious form; and he should announce his intention of coming by sending in the morning a bouquet to his betrothed, whom indeed he will never see alone until the marriage is finally celebrated before the *maire* and in the church; for marriage-contracts are such slippery affairs, that M. Delaunay and Mademoiselle Dubois may have gone through all these forms to no purpose. If M. Delaunay should wish to retire at any moment, he can yet do so by writing the little *billet* and announcing *le petit voyage*; and the family of the young lady could cover her retreat by any equally simple device; and to prevent all unpleasant consequences, and all chance of malevolent tit-tattle, the whole affair should be kept a strict secret on both sides till the marriage-contract is finally signed. And, moreover, the young people will never either speak to or of each other by their unadorned Christian names; they must address each other and speak of each other always as Monsieur Horace and Mademoiselle Rosalie. But when the contract is signed, and the marriage formally announced, the rigours of *étiquette* may relax in some measure towards the young couple; but as respects the family, it increases, for the father and mother of the *fiancée* are now required, *fermer leur maison*, to shut up their house,—that is to say, not to receive at home any but members of the family; and Mademoiselle Rosalie will carefully avoid, and would not indeed be permitted to make, appearance *dans le monde*; that is, either in society or any public place of amusement.

Supposing that all things have gone on without difficulty up to this point, the next step is the signing of the marriage-contract, or settlement as we should term it. The contract must necessarily have been duly arranged and its provisions all settled and the deed drawn up, when the parties betake

themselves to the office of the notary who has prepared the document. In the case of very wealthy families, and in the provinces, the notary comes to the house of the fiancée, in which case *étiquette* requires that he should be invited to dine. It is, as with us, esteemed an honour to have the document witnessed by a prince of the blood or a great state-dignitary. All expenses of the proceedings are to be paid by the future husband. The notary reads the document; M. Delaunay rises, makes a bow to his fiancée as though to ask her consent, takes the pen, signs the deed, and then passes the pen to Mademoiselle Rosalie. The young lady signs in turn, and passes the pen to the mother of her intended, who passes it on to the mother of the bride, and so on through the members of the family present, who sign for the most part in the order of their age.

It is on this day that M. Delaunay is expected to send the presents known as the *corbeille de mariage*. The value of the presents should amount to about ten per cent of the *dot* of the lady. They consist generally of shawls, jewels, lace, furs, gloves, fans, books, and a purse containing a certain number of gold pieces of money, which should be new. These presents should be put either in an elegant box, or in a work-table destined to form part of the furniture of the young couple. The *corbeille* should arrive on the morning of the signing of the contract, accompanied with a handsome bouquet of flowers; and the *corbeille*, together with the *trousseau* of the fiancée, which by this time should be prepared, is exhibited in her room, tastefully arranged with flowers, for her friends to admire. If there is a ball that evening, as is customary, at the house of the fiancée, the young lady should be in white. She opens the ball with her intended, and in the second quadrille she belongs *de droit* to the notary, who in olden times had the right of kissing her on the cheek. Everybody who signs the marriage-deed is expected to make a present to the young lady.

As for the actual marriage, it is well known this is performed in two ceremonies — one at the *mairie*, the other at the church. Both at the *mairie* and at the church marriages are performed on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in every week: at the *mairie* from nine in the morning to five in the evening; at the church from six in the morning till one in the afternoon. The marriage at the *mairie* is of a strictly civil character, and is often performed on the same day as the other, but sometimes one or two days beforehand. It must, however,

precede the other, though strict Catholics look on it as a mere legal formality, and as no marriage at all in a proper sense. The *maire* can, if he pleases to honour persons of importance, perform the marriage in his drawing-room; but all the doors of the house must be open down to the street, so that all the world may enter if they please. The *mairie* marriage must be preceded by the proper legal formalities — evidence of publication of bans, of consent of parents (if such is required by the law) — and can only be celebrated three days after notification has been published at the *mairie*. When the bride has signed her name at the *mairie*, she passes the pen to her husband, who receives it and says, *Merci, madame*. The lady is thus styled ‘madame’ for the first time in her life by her future husband. The publication of the bans for the marriage in the church takes place much the same as with us. On the morning of the marriage the bridegroom and his family come to call for the bride and her family. The bridegroom then presents the *bouquet de noces*, which must be entirely white, to his fiancée. Carriages hired by the bridegroom, who defrays all the expenses of the day with the exception of those at the house of the bride, are sent to fetch the witnesses of the marriage and the members of the two families who are invited to be present, to the house of the bride. The bridegroom, besides the bouquet, brings the wedding-ring and the *pièce de mariage*, a piece of money, of gold or silver according to the condition of the parties; if of the former it is placed like a medal in a morocco-case. Among the peasants a piece of copper coin fulfils the function of the *pièce de mariage*, which must receive the priest’s benediction during the ceremony.

As soon as the whole party is assembled they start for the *mairie*. The bride is in the first carriage to the right, with her mother on the back-seat, with her father or his representative in front of her. In the second carriage is the bridegroom, on the back-seat likewise; but his mother — or her representative, if he has none — takes the right, and his father sits on the front-seat. The witnesses of the marriage and the other members of the family follow. Arrived at the church, the father of the bride leads her to the altar, and the bridegroom follows with his mother. Then the mother of the bride should follow in procession with the father of the bridegroom. The nearest relatives and most intimate friends of the two families also approach the altar. The rest of those invited sit in the body of the church on chairs prepared for them. The

family of the bridegroom and the bridegroom take the right, the bride and her family take the left, of the altar. During the service a *quête* is made in the church, which is performed by the younger sisters of the bride and bridegroom, if they have any, one on each side. In the absence of younger sisters the nearest younger female relatives supply the deficiency.

During the ceremony, when the priest addresses to the young couple the question, “*Consentez-vous à prendre pour époux?*” &c., each of them before replying turns to the side of the father and mother, makes them a bow or courtesy, and then each replies, not in a loud tone, but *à mi voix*. After the offertory of the mass the young couple arise, and each takes a wax-taper, which is placed before them, and they go to the altar and place the money which they offer as alms in the hand of the priest. And after the “Pater” is said a pall is held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by the youngest boys—the nearest relatives of each family. When the marriage-mass is over the young pair go to the sacristy, and there receive the congratulations of their friends. The order, however, of going there is just the reverse of what it was on entering the church. Thus, the father of the bridegroom now leads the bride, and the mother of the bride now takes the arm of the bridegroom. Those invited to the wedding follow after and make their compliments to the newly-married couple and to both families. There is a general presentation by the bridegroom of his friends to his bride, and the mother of the bride introduces her friends to the bridegroom.

Etiquette has now another order of the day to impose on departure from the sacristy. The bridegroom is now allowed for the first time to give his arm to the bride, the father of the bride gives his arm to the mother of the bridegroom, the father of the bridegroom to the mother of the bride, and after this, it appears, *étiquette* relaxes, and allows the rest to follow as they please, except that on the return home in the carriage the bride and bridegroom must get together into the first carriage, which, however, is now to be filled up with the family of the bridegroom, while the family of the bride makes up the second carriage. And it must be observed that only on the occasion of a marriage-service is a giving and taking of arms admissible in a French church.

All persons invited to the marriage will show good taste if they arrive at the church before bride and bridegroom; and they are expected not to laugh or talk at the wedding, more especially when the priest gives

his benediction; and they are expected also to make a visit of congratulation within a fortnight, or send a letter of apology, alleging sickness, calamity, or other reasons by way of excuse. The mass-book of the bride must have a white binding, or at least a white cover, if she will not go to the expense of a new one, and her gloves must be white, like her *toilette*; while it is now out of fashion for the bridegroom to wear anything lighter than *beurre frais*.

It is contrary to all French usage to invite company to the marriage of a widow, or even of any lady, *sur le retour*, above thirty, which ought to take place early in the morning, without display; and the *toilette* of the bride in such cases should *not be white*.

It is not generally the custom now in France to take a journey after the marriage; on the contrary, the wedding-party often spend the day together, go for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and have a dinner and ball in the evening. At the dinner, the bride and bridegroom should be placed opposite to each other, the bride having to her right the father of her husband, her own mother sitting to the right of the bridegroom; and the bride is to be the first served at table. At the conclusion of the dinner, a toast is proposed for the young married couple. One of the *témoins* of the bride proposes the health of the bride, and one of the *témoins* of the bridegroom proposes the health of the bridegroom. Oratory is required to be brief, and the fathers of bride and bridegroom return thanks for their respective children; but, above all, no singing is expected among decent people; therefore, if an Englishman finds himself at such a festival, he must not propose to sing the “*Roger Bonhomme*” of Béranger. The guests who have been invited to dine are expected before leaving to give an invitation to the young couple for a dinner or a *soirée*; and such a return is called the *rendu de nocé*, and they are allowed a whole month for the giving of the *rendu de nocé*, at which, naturally, the best places and all the honour is given to the new couple. No one, of course, must appear at a marriage in mourning; even a widow, if *en grand deuil*, must appear at the marriage of her daughter in white and gray. In the best society, however, the festivity of dinner and ball takes place on the day of the signing of the marriage-contract; and it is to be observed that a Protestant minister may be invited to the wedding, but a Catholic priest *never*. At the ball the bride opens the dance with the guest to whom she wishes to pay the greatest attention, and

the bridegroom does the same thing. The newly-married pair dance in front of each other in the first quadrille, but in the second they dance together. After this the bride has the privilege of inviting whom she pleases for the rest of the evening. The bride and bridegroom retire as quietly as possible, the latter some time after the former, and everybody does his best not to observe their departure.

The *lettres de faire part* of the marriage are to be sent within fifteen days, and the persons who receive them are expected to pay a marriage visit within a month.

Next to the *étiquette* touching marriage, that connected with births and baptisms necessarily claims attention.

After the birth of a child the father is bound, under severe legal penalties, to go to the *mairie*, with two witnesses, and make declaration of the birth; and the *lettres de faire part* of the birth of the child should be sent by the *father alone* of the newborn child; the mother's name should not appear in the letter at all, which should be printed on small-sized glazed paper, and not sealed. The baptism of a child in the Roman Catholic Church takes place as soon as possible after the birth. An indispensable preliminary is, necessarily, to find a godfather and godmother. The request to stand godfather or godmother is usually made some months before the birth of the child, and considerable delicacy necessarily dictates the choice of the persons. The godmother is usually the first chosen, and it is a custom to allow her to choose her own *compère*, the godfather. For the firstborn child of a marriage, however, the mother of the wife and the father of the husband have a prescriptive right to be godfather and godmother; for the second-born, the mother of the husband and the father of the wife have a similar right. And it is to be remarked that when a widow consents to be godmother with a gentleman who has paid attentions to her, she is supposed to contract a sort of engagement with him; and consequently widows are somewhat wary about acceptance of the position.

The father of the child is bound, by all the laws of *étiquette*, to send a box of sweetmeats to the priest or minister who has baptised his child, and to insert in the box a piece of gold or silver money; he should likewise give *bombons* to the nurse and to the servants of the family, with a gratuity of money to each; but these *bombons* need not be in a box, but simply in a *screw* of paper. The presents, however, which *étiquette* demands of the *parrain* and *marraine* are of a more onerous character. In

the first place the *marraine* should, as with us, find the child in its little *argenterie*, — a silver cup, a knife and fork, a ladle called a *cuiller à bouillie*. Then both *parrain* and *marraine* should give presents to the mother of the child. If she is rich, a costly piece of jewelry must be given; if she is simply a person of good fortune, a piece of plate will suffice; if however, she lives in a very modest style, she may be offered a dress or a shawl; and when the godfather and godmother have consented from goodnature to stand for a child of the poorer class, sugar, chocolate, coffee, wine, or anything useful, is acceptable. In Paris, moreover, the *parrain* is expected to send to the *marraine* a certain number of boxes of *bombons* from Siraudin's or some equally well-known place; and the number of boxes may vary in amount from twelve to twelve dozen, and some of the boxes will be of a pound, others of a half-pound dimensions. The *parrain* is expected also to send to the *marraine* gloves, a fan, artificial flowers, and ribbons, the whole enclosed in a handsome box or casket of some kind. But in return the husband of the *marraine* is expected to make a handsome present to her *compère*, or at the very least to give a formal dinner-party in his honour, *un grand dîner prié*.

With respect to the ceremony of the church, it is so like our own that there is little to be said. The child should enter the church first in the arms of its nurse, then follow the godfather and godmother, the father of the child and his friends. During the ceremony, the godfather and godmother stand one on each side of the child; and after the *Pater* and *Oredo*, the priest inquires of the child, through its sponsors, "Renoncez-vous à Satan?" and they should reply, "J'y renonce." "Et à ses pompes?" "J'y renonce." "Et à ses œuvres?" "J'y renonce." If they should answer simply, "Oui, monsieur," to either of these questions, the solemnity of the baptism would suffer considerably. When the ceremony is complete the priest takes the taper which has been alight by his side, and gives it into the hands of the sponsors, who hold it jointly during the final prayer.

From births and baptisms we pass to visits, invitations, dinners, *soirées*, and balls.

As to visits, they are dignified with the names of *visites de cérémonie*, *visites obligatoires*, *visites de félicitation*, *visites de condolance*, *visites de digestion*, *visites du jour de l'an*, *visites des jours de réception*, and there is the casual visit, unclassified.

A *visite de cérémonie* may of course often

be a *visite obligatoire*, and the above classification has no scientific accuracy. A simple *visite de cérémonie* should not extend over a quarter of an hour; for by a *visite de cérémonie* generally speaking is meant the visit between persons not very intimate, on the occasion of the new year, to return thanks for some service or polite attention, or on departure for the country after the season is over, &c. The *visite obligatoire* comprises visits to the families of newly-married persons after an invitation to be present at the *bénédiction nuptiale*, new-year's visits to friends; the *visite de digestion* takes place after a dinner-party, &c. The *visite de félicitation* is due to an acquaintance after he has received any advancement to any important position; but the visit is usually preceded by a letter written immediately on receipt of the intelligence; while the visit itself is made late, *not to have the air of a solicitor*. But, on the contrary, if an acquaintance has a misfortune of any kind, a *visit ought to be made as promptly as possible*: this is considered as a great *preuve de savoir-vivre*. And we were once present when circumstances were such between two persons, that the way of making the latter visit had to be discussed with considerable delicacy.

A coolness had taken place between A and B, two acquaintances, and the father of A got into trouble, the talk of all Paris; there was an *avalanche* of cards left with the *concierge* of A, who was a distinguished literary character; but B was afraid that if he left his card simply, it might have a *suspicion* of the triumphant air about it, and he proposed his difficulty to a lady, an arbitress in matters of *étiquette*, and she decided that B should write "*en personne*" in pencil on the card, since it would be impossible then that the sentiment dictating the visit could be misinterpreted by any but a barbarian.

The *visite de digestion* is due within a week from the dinner-party, and the utmost permissible delay is a fortnight. The *visite du jour de l'an* may be made at any time during the month of January for simple acquaintances. To the grand-parents this visit should be made on New-year's Eve; and to parents, aunts, brothers, and sisters, on New-year's Day: cousins are allowed a week for the visit, and friends a fortnight. From five to ten minutes suffice for a *visite du jour de l'an*. It is a *manque de savoir-vivre* to wish a "happy new year" (*une bonne année*) to any but intimate friends; and if on occasion of a New-year's call a relative or intimate friend is not at home, the card must *not be left*, but regrets ex-

pressed to the servant, and the *call repeated*. But, as is well known, the *visites du jour de l'an* among simple acquaintances are satisfied for the most part by an exchange of cards; and these are taken by the post for a five-centime stamp, the envelope being left open; and during the whole month of January the daily postal deliveries in Paris are of a most irregular character, from the enormous quantity of extra work thus thrown on the post-office.

We now come to the *visite de condoléance*, which takes place after one has been invited to be present at a *service funèbre*, or received a *lettre de faire part* of the decease of a friend's relative. And in the *visite de condoléance* there are one or two nice distinctions drawn, which show great delicacy of sentiment; for it is established that one should not make a visit of condolence while *en grand deuil*. The object of the visit is to assist sorrow in supporting itself, not to add your own. But you can, *en grand deuil*, write a letter expressing your sympathy, which *must not be sent by the post, but carried by hand*. Notwithstanding, every visitor must be dressed in dark colours (though he need not be absolutely in black), with dark gloves. Another nice distinction is, that children must not be taken on a visit of condolence; children, if not incapable of sympathy, are at least out of place in any house of mourning but their own home. In the *visite de condoléance*, the person to be condoled with is approached in silence; if it is a lady, the ladies kiss her on the cheek, and the men shake her hand; if it is a man, the men kiss him on the cheek likewise, and the ladies take his hand sympathetically. No inquiries whatever after health are to be made, and one must wait for the person visited to speak of the deceased person, and observe silence as to the recent bereavement if no mention is made of it. Between intimate friends the visit of condolence is made the day of the funeral; between acquaintances within a fortnight afterwards.

As to *visites du jour de réception*, the custom is now universal in Paris for every lady, *prendre un jour*, to fix a day for receiving her friends; and having fixed it, she is expected not to go out on any plea whatever. If you are taken ill, your servant must say so at the door, and deny entrance to everybody; not even the most intimate friends should in such case be received, to avoid giving offence to others. The mistress of the house on a *jour de réception* must not be in *grande toilette*; this is contrary to all good breeding. The place of the lady of the house in her *salon* is to the right of the fireplace, in an armchair; and

this place she should give up to no one except a grandmother, or some person to whom she would show extraordinary respect. Men are expected to leave their *paletois* in the antechamber, and to keep their hats in their hands during the whole of their visit; and the lady should never request a visitor to put down his hat.

To receive well necessarily requires much art and tact in the lady; when she introduces one person to another, she should, of course, instantly engage the introduced persons as rapidly as possible in conversation in which all may join, to avoid embarrassment. She will never talk in an *aparté* or undertone. She will avoid politics and religion. She will not talk, as the Spaniards say, of the "halter to a person whose father has been hung;" if she has visitors of a modest condition, she will not talk of *fêtes* and festivities, and expensive habits and fashions of dress, in which they are not able to share. She will try to make the conversation as general as possible; she will not endeavour to retain any person about to depart, but simply say, "*Déjà!*" When visitors have left, she will not allow anything unpleasant to be said of them; she will give people to understand that her roof is not a retreat for scandal; that civilised hospitality respects with generosity all who confide themselves to its amenities; and that to be witty or sarcastic at the expense of the absent is both easy and ill-bred.

With respect to dinner-parties there is little difference between French and English *étiquette*, except that an invitation to a person of superior position to our own, or to one to whom it is intended to pay respect, should be given in person. And we need not say that a guest at a French dinner-table should be quiet with his legs under the table, especially if he has ladies near him; that he should not blow on his food if it is too hot; that he should not put his nose to his wine — *flaire son vin*; that he should not make any remark about the goodness or badness of the dishes; that he should not drink out of a lady's glass; and that he should not peel his apples, pears, and oranges *en rond comme au village*, but up and down; or that he should not fling his napkin on his chair when he has done with it, as if he were at a *table-d'hôte*, but put it on the table; and above all, that he should not imitate a *commis voyageur* at a *table-d'hôte*, and clean his tumbler with his napkin, with respect to which latter point we remember an agreeable anecdote. A French marshal, when he entertained his officers at dinner, was in the habit of looking sharply at this point — if an officer wiped his glass at table he

judged at once what class of society he came from. On one occasion an officer lately promoted was his guest, and immediately he was seated he began to wipe his glass, as at a *table-d'hôte*. "*Changez le verre de monsieur,*" said the marshal to his servant. The glass was changed, and the officer began again with napkin and glass. "*Changez le verre de monsieur,*" said the marshal again; "*prenez garde cette fois qu'il soit bien propre.*" The glass was changed, and the officer began again the same manœuvre. The marshal reiterated his former order. After the glass had been changed three or four times, the guest said in an angry voice to the servant, "*Holà! vous, est ce que voulez me donner tous les verres de la maison à nettoyer?*" Moreover one will take care not to say, "*Voulez-vous, madame, prendre telle chose,*" which is the formula used by servants; but "*Permettez moi, madame,*" &c.

Invitations to breakfast should be given in person. In dinners of ceremony, too, the servants should not be in livery, but in black, with white gloves; and the maxim of Brillat Savarin must be observed, "*Inviter quelqu'un à dîner c'est se charger de son bonheur pendant tout le temps qu'il est sous votre toit.*" If *champagne frappé* is given during the first service, it must be continued during the whole of the dinner, otherwise it comes on at the dessert. Ladies, too, are expected not to give themselves the airs of being very little eaters, "*se poser en petites mangeuses,*" and gentlemen are expected to remain two hours at least after dinner in the house in which they dine.

With reference to *soirées* and balls also French *étiquette* offers little distinction from that observed in all the civilised world.

In a private concert, however, it is to be noted that when professional singers and players are present (styled *artistes* by our neighbours), even though they are paid for their performance, precisely the same attention and respect is due to them as to the other guests; and to act otherwise would be considered as denoting "*un manque absolu d'éducation.*"

From the *étiquette* of social meetings let us pass to the *étiquette* of letter-writing, which plays so large a part in civilised life. As will have been already seen, the *lettres de faire part* form a substantial portion of French correspondence. First we have the *lettres de décès*, letter of announcement of death, with respect to which there is this general rule: no *ascendant* — that is to say, no personal in the progenital line, not even a father or mother — ought to make any ap-

pearance in a *lettre de décès*. Let us copy a *lettre de décès* which we have lately received :

" Madame Veuve Latour, née Talhouet, et son fils, Monsieur Oscar Talhouet ;

" Madame Lesueur, née Talhouet, Monsieur le Docteur Lesueur, Monsieur et Madame Ernest Lesueur, leur fils et belle-fille, Monsieur Hippolyte Lesueur, leur petit-fils ;

" Monsieur Edouard Talhouet, Inspecteur Général des Ponts et Chausées, et Madame Talhouet ;

" Monsieur et Madame Jourele, leur fille et gendre ;

Madame Veuve Marabouty, née Talhouet, et sa fille Mademoiselle Marabouty ;

" Madame Veuve Lariguals, née Talhouet ;

" Monsieur et Madame Chanlier leur fille et gendre ;

" Madame Herminie Mirecourt, née Talhouet, et son fils Monsieur Eugène Mirecourt ; —

" Ont l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douleureuse qu'ils viennent de faire en la personne de Madame Veuve Talhouet, née de Saint-Alary, décédée à Tulle (Corrèze) le 10 janvier 1868, dans sa 88me année, leur mère, belle-mère, grand'mère, et arrière-grand'mère.

These *lettres de décès* are of course printed on black-edged paper, which should be of a large form, and glazed. They are not put in an envelope, but simply folded; and thus they are transmitted by the post at a reduced price. We have already spoken of *lettres de faire part*, of marriage, and of births.

As to letters generally, it must be observed that the French are much more formal than ourselves. *Monsieur, en vedette*, except among tolerably-intimate friends, is the ordinary way of commencing a letter; ending, "Veuillez, bien, monsieur, agréer l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée;" or something analogous and less formal. It is now, however, agitated whether *Salut et amitié* may not be ordinarily allowed to conclude a letter. No gentleman, however, should think of addressing a lady, especially if she is at all young, as simply *Chère madame* by letter—the proper formula is, *Madame et amie*, or *Chère madame et amie*; and, *vise versa*, no lady will write, *Cher monsieur*. Manuscript letters are rarely written in the third person, except to inferiors; printed letters, however, may be so expressed. Neither is it the custom now to repeat the *Madame* and *Monsieur* in the superscription of a letter, *A Madame Madame P—*; and when a letter is ad-

dressed jointly to *Monsieur* and *Madame*, the *Monsieur* always should come the first; and here it may be mentioned that, in speaking to the Emperor and Empress, it is entirely contrary to *étiquette* to say *Votre Majesté*—*Sa Majesté* must be used, and the third person always employed; thus, *Je présente à l'Empereur* is the proper expression, and not *J'ai l'honneur de présenter à votre Majesté*.

We will end this paper on *étiquette* by recording some usages generally observed after a death, respecting the solemnities of interment. As soon as a member of a family is dead, a table is placed near the bed of the dead person, covered with white linen, and on the table is placed a crucifix, two tapers, a vessel of holy water, and a branch of box which has had priestly benediction. As long as the corpse is in the house, a religious silence is observed. The repasts are not served in the ordinary way; the members of the family take their meals in their own rooms, or at most on some corner of a table; and the table is not laid in the dining-room. A sister of charity or a priest watches with the body till the time of interment.

The first step after the death is to go or send to the *mairie*, and make declaration of the death of the deceased; upon which a doctor is despatched from the *mairie* to verify the report of the persons announcing the death, and to make all requisite inquiries as to the cause of decease. The *procès-verbal* is afterwards drawn up at the *mairie*, and the *maire* then fixes the day and hour of the funeral, having regard to the number of funerals to be performed in the *arrondissement*, and the desires of the family. Some member or delegate of the family then arranges with the vicar as to the limit of expense to which they desire to go in celebrating the funeral mass in the parish church, and engages the chairs for those who are to be invited to be present. Letters of invitation to the funeral service are then despatched, and sometimes, in case there is not sufficient time to invite all desirable persons, a notice is inserted in one of the newspapers to this effect:

" Les amis et connaissances de M. M—, qui par oubli involontaire n'auraient pas reçu de lettres de convocation pour assister à son convoi funèbre, sont priés de se joindre au deuil qui se réunira le . . . à . . . heure, à la maison mortuaire, rue . . . no. . ."

The persons invited come to the house of the deceased, *la maison mortuaire*, where the female relatives remain in strict seclusion. They accompany the body to the

church, in which portion of the ceremony ladies can join, though they never, or very rarely, accompany the procession from the church to the cemetery. A coronal of white flowers is placed on the coffin of a young girl or child; the decorations, crosses of the Legion of Honour, &c., are placed on the coffin of any person possessing them; and the sword and epaulettes of a military officer are likewise so exposed. In the procession from the church to the cemetery, those who go on foot walk before the carriages, next to the hearse; and the first carriage is that of the family. And we should not leave unnoticed the graceful custom which obtains in France and in all Catholic countries, from all passers-by in the street, of raising their hats to the corpse.

The most strict mourning is that required from a widow. She wears mourning for two years; and her mourning consists of a robe of black woollen stuff, a black veil, a cap, and a collar and sleeves of crape. These she must wear for a year; after which she wears black silk and black lace for six months; after which she may, for the last six months, wear gray, or violet, or white. If she remarries before the time of her mourning has expired—which she can do legally at the end of ten months from the date of the death of her husband—she may leave off her mourning for the day of the wedding, but must put it on again the day after; and her husband wears mourning with her. A widower, on the other hand, does not wear mourning for more than a year, and sometimes for not more than six months. Should he marry during his period of mourning, his wife must not wear during that period any other colour but white, gray, or violet.

Black woollen is prescribed for ladies in all cases of *grand deuil*. The *grand deuil* for a father or mother lasts six months, the whole period of mourning being a year. During all periods of *grand deuil* kid gloves are not permitted: the gloves must be of black wool at first; later, those of black silk may be worn. In very deep mourning every kind of ornament, even of black jet, is interdicted.

No person should make any *visite de clémone* during the period of *grand deuil*. Thus, a widow must abstain from such for a whole year from the time of the decease of her husband; neither should she during that time, *prendre un jour*, have a day in the week for receiving visits.

We have thus run summarily through the code of French *étiquette*, in the regulations of which may be perceived frequent delicacy of sentiment inspired by a desire

to place people on amicable terms with each other. We have not mentioned such of the observances of *étiquette* as may be seen every day in the street; one of which consists in saluting the friend of your friend when you meet the two together, although the former is unknown to you—an observance dictated by a desire not to leave him out in the cold during a friendly exchange of recognitions; and indeed, in a country where the duel is still an institution, men generally have an interest in being as civil to each other as possible.

There can be no doubt both from what we have said and from the observation of everybody who has visited France, that their code of *étiquette* and of politeness is more elaborate and more stringently observed than that of any other people, not even excepting the Spaniards, who are more stately, solemn, and professing in their politeness, though meaning less. The politeness of Frenchmen has been attributed to their vanity, and their politeness interpreted to be a sort of mutual-admiration system. There may be some truth in this. No doubt the Frenchman is very often vain; but after all, vanity is a social weakness; and if the choice lay between vanity accompanied with politeness, and modesty accompanied with boorishness, in our associates, most civilised people would have no hesitation in choosing the former for general purposes of daily intercourse.

From Belgravia.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS TABITHA TRENOODLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIDDLE-A-WINK,"
"MILDRED'S WEDDING," ETC.

Did you ever drive a cow to pound?
No, of course not.
Did your mother ever drive a cow to
pound? or your wife?
Of course not, again.

Well, I have. I, Tabitha Trenoode, of Tregawk, spinster, drove a large brindled knot cow to pound. And since I am neither first cousin to Mrs. Squeamish, nor first toady to Mrs. Grundy, I see no reason whatever why I should deny the fact.

Perhaps up in England folks mayn't know what a knot cow is, I have heard there's a good deal of ignorance in London; and people at the West-end can scarcely tell a mabyer from a mugget.* Well, a knot cow is a cow without horns, having a little knot or knob on the head instead of those appendages. If that brindle had had horns, I don't

* Mayber, a fowl; mugget, a calf's tripe.

think — well, yes, I'll confess it — I don't think I should have driven her to pound.

I object to horns. They have an ugly look; and they give me a sort of a ripping feeling, highly unpleasant, in my backbone. Moreover, they make me say over to myself all the "ifs" and "ands" in the alphabet.

"If that beast knew his strength, and just took it into his head"—then a cold shiver, and I feel very glad I'm walking a long way behind the creature's tail.

In another minute I'm conjugating "ifs" again, because the animal has turned and looked me mildly in the face.

"If he means mischief now by that look, and—" I catch up my long dress, and wonder, after a good run, whether I could take the next hedge at a flying leap. Then I begin thinking if I could climb a tree, or if a woman ever has climbed a tree, since Eve, without any impediments, clambered to a top branch after that unfortunate apple. That's how I go on, if ever I'm near a horned creature. So, in towns I dash into shops out of the way of horns; and in the country I tear off at full speed, with an imaginary horn in my back, all the way till I drop. As a child, I ran from a horned snail, and a stag's-horn beetle I once took for a small devil, out for a walk without his nursemaid.

I've got a little meadow at Tregawk. I'm rather proud of it, because it's the best land and grows the best grass for miles round. The granite doesn't show up through the soil in ever so many places at once, as it does elsewhere in the parish.

Now when a person has got a meadow with good grass in it, that person doesn't like the grass to be eaten up night after night, nobody knows how. At least, I don't. My maid suggested:

"Evul sperruts."

I said, "Stuff! Evil spirits don't eat grass: they devour men."

Then she said: "Veers."

Now I believe Veer is a grand name in England; and I have heard of a Lady Clara Veer de Veer who cut somebody's throat in a grand way, and wasn't found out. But with us veers are little pigs; and in some parishes heifers are called veers too. So you see it is not such a noble name with us, that I was going to be startled at the idea of a veer eating up my grass.

"No signs of 'em," I answered. "Nothing nuzzled up."

"Nebuchadnezzar," said my maid.

"Nonsense! He's dead and gone these hundred years."

"Not him. Her — the passon's wife."

This seems ridiculous. But it was not, because that poor howling maniac fancied

herself Nebuchadnezzar; and she was always trying to get out and eat grass. She took to calling herself the King of Babylon at first through fun, because of the herb-pies she ate down in Cornwall, and because her husband's name was Daniel. Then getting a little wild, —through loneliness, as she chose to say — she stuck to her fancy. In fact, it got to be what the doctors call a fixed idea — though where fixed, or how, I can't say.

"My dear Miss Trenoodee," she used to say to me at times, "do you think there are any cabs and omnibuses up in London still? I should like to see 'em," she said. "I should like to hear 'em."

"Then you'd like to hear a great row," I answered. "And what pleasure there can be in seeing a heap of tired horses and fagged men and rattling vehicles poonting about and twisting in and out and up and down like angle-twitches in the mud, is more than a rational being can understand. I should go crazy amongst 'em, and feel like a lunatic asylum in my head, with the keys lost, and the doctor of the establishment intoxicated — that's how I should feel in London."

"That's just how I feel down here," she said sighing dismally.

"Then why did you come?" I asked quite snappishly. "Why didn't you marry a cabman, and live in the Tower?"

"Daniel," she said shaking her head — "Daniel. That's why I came. But I didn't know what he was bringing me to. No parties, no society; parsley pies, and the sea on both sides of me, and a bassoon and two fiddles in the church."

"Why not two fiddles, or three, or six, if we could get 'em?"

"Why not!" she cried, staring at me as hard as a goose at Michaelmas — "Why not? O dear me, I can't tell you! I'm going away now to teach my canaries German. I'm very busy. They'll sing in German soon. Why not?"

I saw it was of no use talking to a fool, so I departed.

I have no doubt she fancied Daniel was going to bring down by rail, for her especial accommodation, a few slices of London streets, cabs and all, with a dozen miles or so of fog — for sky nobody can call it — full of bad air and dirt, and other creatures wandering promiscuous up and down the roofs and throats of human beings, who ought to be drinking fresh air and eating fresh vegetables, which are too dear for any lady's pocket, leave alone being cag-magged about at greengrocers, which is a name for gardeners I never heard till I got to London.

Of course after this long explanation,

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you'll understand I was not surprised, when my maid Temper — Temperance is her right name — suggested that the parson's wife ate my grass.

"She is capable," I said; "so I'll watch."

Accordingly that night I make Temper bring down into the fields the small kitchen table and a big stool, and by aid of these I clamber up pretty high into a tree, where I sit perched like Charles the Second in a crinoline. Temper stayed with me till nearly dark, and brought me my tea out there, as I had got into the tree quite early, thinking it wise to be in time. She had to climb to the top of the table to hand up the cups, and I found it rather novel, though a sofa cushion on the branch might have improved the situation.

When it grew dusk I made Temper leave, lugging the table with her of course, lest it should attract Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar's attention. I screamed after her for a cushion, but she did not hear me.

After nightfall, I thought of Charles the Second, and Robinson Crusoe, and Prince Absalom, till I didn't know which was which, or whether I was one or the other of them. Then cramp came on for want of that cushion, after that the shivers, then the cramp again. And my limbs took a kind of spontaneous locomotion, and wouldn't stay in any place where I put 'em. I was just thinking that African travellers told awful stories, about sleeping up trees with snakes and things, when suddenly I heard steps.

"No! it can't be!" I said, bumping myself frightfully, forgetting my sofa cushion was at home. "Surely she won't carry out her ideas of Nebuchadnezzar as far as this, in my meadow too, to eat grass! Poor thing! Herb-pies indeed! Herb-pies are not grass; it's a judgment on her for despising good victuals."

Harder steps, thick booothish steps, lumpy, then the gate swings, and I see coming into my field a big cow with a man behind her! As the gate swings to and fro, and at last shuts, the man stays outside it, and leaning on the top rail he grins. I saw his grin in the moonlight quite plainly, a very plain grin it was, and if the skirt of my dress had not been caught in a great hooked branch, I believe I should have sprung down on him and astonished him. But I had got up into the tree with the help of a stool and a table, and these being gone, I saw my coming down again was an impossible thing. In fact, it was a point Temper and I hadn't considered.

This was nice, certainly. A woman perched up a tree with the cramp in every part of her body except her head, and her

gown hooked up somehow, but how and where she can't screw her eyes round to see and remedy!

Nice, certainly! Worse, it was aggravating and awful, because here's a man grinning on a gate, who may look up at any minute, and see her. However, the situation has to be borne, so I watch grimly, and wonder what's coming next.

This is what came next. The cow ate my grass. Chop, chop, munch, munch, chow, chow, as plain as a pikestaff, while the man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, called out in a clear voice:

"Go it, Brindle! Make a good meal, old girl! Miss Tab is greener than her own grass; she won't find us out yet awhile."

Upon that, and whistling to himself the old Fadé tune, which they play at Helston on the 8th May, when the mayor dances through the streets, he walked off, while the cow positively made herself at home, and lay down on my grass as comfortable as you please.

I was speechless. I was frantic. I propped myself against a branch and tore at my gown till it was all out of the gathers, and hung in lerrups.* Still that horrid hook wouldn't give way. Then I tried to be patient. I shut my eyes, and told myself I had *not* got the cramp, and a branch was not boring my back, and a knob was not boring a hole in my shoulder, and I was very comfortable, and better off than Robinson Crusoe, or a Casual.

But it wouldn't do. My limbs got dead, and didn't belong to me. They might have been the cow's legs, or the legs of the kitch-en-table, for anything I knew about them.

"Good gracious!" I said. "Where's that girl Temper? Why doesn't she come and get me down? Why didn't I think about the getting down before I got up? No, Temper won't come. I remember now I ordered her not to show her nose here for the world. I was to run in and tell her when Nebuchadnezzar came. Run and tell her! I wish I could. I shall never run again; my legs are gone. Where were my wits when I got up this tree? O Tabitha! Tabitha! I never knew you were such a fool!"

A cold perspiration broke over me when I thought of Temper dozing by the kitchen fire, in tranquil unsolicitude, awaiting my return. No uneasy thoughts about me would rouse her. O no! nothing would but a red-hot cinder thrown at her nose, and that cinder I hadn't got to throw.

"Mercy alive!" I groaned; "I shall be here all night. I shall be here till next week. I shall be here for ever. I shall be a few bleached bones up a tree, when the

* Lerrups, Cornish for "rags."

end of the world comes. What o'clock is it? It's midnight. It's three o'clock tomorrow morning. It will be daylight soon, and that horrid man will be here for his cow. What shall I do? I shall have to forgive him. I shall have to scream out to him to take pity on me, and get me down. He'll stare. He'll grin. He'll triumph. I shall go out of my mind. No; I'll never bear it. I won't. I'll do something desperate. I'll get all my things off, and come down from this tree like Eve went up. No, I can't. My hands are too cramped with holding on to this branch, this evil branch. This is a bad tree; this is the worst of trees; this is the very tree that Satan put his forked tail around. O, how did I get hooked in this forked branch? This is the hook that could not take Leviathan, but it has taken me—me, an innocent spinster, who never did any harm! I am going mad! I am certain of it. I shall howl soon. I'm a worse maniac than the parson's wife. Look at that diabolical cow, how she eats to aggravate me! I'll be revenged on her. I'll be revenged on her master. I won't stay here like a scarecrow, pinned up in a tree by the wings. I'll come down. I'll smash all my bones but what I'll come down."

True to my word, I tore, I pulled, I gasped, I made a desperate spring. I got my head and the tips of my fingers to the ground; but my wretched feet were lodged among the birds'-nests. In this dreadful position I hung so long, that I thought my head was bursting, and balls of fire ran along the ground out of my eyes.

"Jerusalem!" I cried, "here's that emperor come to life, who turned heathen, and took to building. He's me. No, he isn't. I'm Absalom, only my cap ought to be where my shoes are. I'm turned upside down, and my ideas are confused. There's a lucifer-match manufactory in my head. That's it. That's the fire. I shall be in flames soon. There are a hundred thousand pins and needles in me, and I'm sprouting all over with acorns. My nose is taking root. I feel it."

At last the cow, like the animal that swallowed Tom Thumb, began to think there was something uncomfortable going on somewhere. And she positively came up and sniffed all round the tree. What I felt when that cow put her nose against my foot I can never express. If she had had horns, I should have died. As it was, her sniffing at me was so horridly unpleasant, that I made a frantic effort, and down I came sprawling on the grass, while the cow ran off with her tail in the air bellowing like a scared demon. I rushed home in

such horrible indignation, that the ground flew and fired as I went. I seized Temper by the arm, and woke her up boiling. She screamed, and stood goggling * for gapes, like an owl with his eyes out.

"What have you done to your nose, ma'am?" she cried.

"My nose? Nothing. It's only a sting-nettle."

Then I sat down and told Temper all that had happened.

"And now," I concluded, "I mean to have revenge on that man and on that cow. Who is he?"

"Have he goet a noase like a kittle-spout, and eyes looking two ways for Sunday?" asked Temper.

"Yes, he has—the beast!"

"Then it's Uncle Nat Treloob, as sure as I am a sinner. You bet! And narra spell of work do he ever lay his ten talons to from waun year's end to t'other, the lazy litter-pouch!"†

"I'll give him something to do to-morrow. He shall go cow-hunting. I hope he'll tear up and down the country from Saltash to Breage. Temper, we must get a boy to drive that cow to pound, and hold his tongue."

"There's narra boy to do et. It's three miles to the pound. And a graet bucha, like a black dog, seed on the moor aunly least week."

"Uncle Dick, the Gunner, my grandfaither's boy, will go."

He was called the Gunner because he was blind of one eye, which he kept shut.

"Thic clopping ‡ toad!" said Temper. "He'd make a fine coose of et, sure 'nuff. Dot and go one for six miles, th' wisht ould drumbledrane!"§

"He's spry enough, is Uncle Dick; he'll do it."

"Lor, ma'am, arr'y mazed? And there's lashen of rain coming on; it's fine and slottery.|| Uncle Dick can no more stompey through Clidgy-lane, and over Gallish-moor, than he can fly in his gashly auld green breeches to heaven."

"Then I'll go myself," I said very composedly. And I did go.

I went down to my meadow, and drove out that burglarious cow, leaving the gate open, that her thieving owner might be unsettled in his mind, and fly hither and thither after his strayred property. Then through Clidgy-lane—so called because the mud in it is sticky as treacle—and all along the dismal moor, Temper and I followed that fiendish brindle with all the spirit we

* To stand amazed. † A lout. ‡ Lame.
§ Drone. || Slippery.

could muster. Once we nearly drove her down a shaft. If Temper hadn't pulled her back by the tail, she would have gone in stam bang, and have disappeared for ever. I turned cold. I felt like a murderer. I began to repent. The beast was not to blame, and the driving of the innocent creature into that snare called a pound troubled my conscience. Especially as the rain came down upon us, as if the cow was going straight into the ark, and there wasn't much time to get there.

Not that the cow cared. O dear, no! She grazed, and stood still when she liked, which was mighty often. I pushed, and poked, and slapped her on the back with my handkerchief — with a knot in it — but that didn't improve the pace a bit.

"I know how it is," said Temper; "this cow has been used to swearing. Uncle Nat cusses awful."

"Hi! Hip, hip! Gee up! Hi!"

The only reply to this was a sudden whop from the cow's tail, and the sound of munching.

"Go it, Brindle," I cried, remembering I had heard these words from her master.

She did go it; but then it was only into the grass by the wayside.

"Have you got a knife, ma'am? If we cut down a stick, I reckon we shall get along better."

No, I hadn't a knife. I had a thimble, a bodkin, and a small pair of scissors, in a morocco case. They wouldn't cut sticks.

Hi! Gee! G'long! Yi!

No movement except of the tail and jaws.

"Would you mind swearing a bit, Temper?" I asked pleadingly.

"No, missus, really I can't. I was converted only three weeks agone at the Revival, and I couldn't swear so soon. I durstn't, ma'am, indeed!"

"Then confound the cow, and you too!" I cried. "I'll do it myself!"

And I did. Such awful stuff I never spoke before nor since. Mrs. Squeamish would have dropped. And I must say, the next Sunday, in church, when Mr. Daniel read in the Epistle, "Swear not at all," I thought it very rude on his part to look at me as he did. "Ah!" I said to myself, "I should like to see you drive a cow to pound, I should."

She went now, like the wind. If she stopped a bit, I tried Uncle Nat Treloob's receipt again — reluctantly and to Temper's horror — but there was no help for it.

One o'clock in the morning; and here's the farm and the pound.

"Now, Temper," I said, "I've done all the swearing, and the hardest part of the

work; it is time I retired into the background, and pushed you forward. Go and wake up the farmer's man — you understand these folks better than I — and hand over the cow into his charge. Take care you don't wake the bull-dog instead (there was a terrible wild beast at this farm of that species); "he might break his chain and kill us."

Delivering the cow's tail into Temper's hand, I retired to the shelter of a moor stone, put over the mouth of an old shaft near; and there I waited the result calmly.

Apparently the farmer's man was hard to rouse, for I heard screams and bellows and shouts enough to waken all the bulls of Bashan. However, I remained tranquil and serene, feeling I had done my duty. At last, through the glimmering moonlight, Temper came running breathless.

"It's all right, m'm! The man was sleepy as a owl. He came to me with his eyes as fast as a biled pig's; but he'll see to it, he says. He's a imperent gaukum! * He axed where the young man wus who drove the cow — in coarse, I couldn't say you was the young man — and he grinned like a dog in a hoss collar. Lor-a-mussy me! here's lashings and pourings of rain! We shall be in a fitty shaape by the time we've fatched hoam. Don't-ee quat † there, m'm, no longer, plase; I'm feared of my life as it is, and I'm as soaking wet as Noah's auld shoo! "

Evidently Temper was equal to her name to-night; so I refrained from reply.

Wat! It rained drowned cats and dogs, and spouting whales, and watering-pots and fire-engines, all the way, as we walked home. It was very lonesome; and, though I wouldn't own it, I felt horribly afraid. However, we met neither ghost, nor goblin, nor living man, either in going or returning; and wasn't revenge worth the trouble and the wetting?

When we reached the kitchen we looked like two shags who hadn't dried themselves for a year. I went to bed, and dreamt I was a cow floating about in Noah's ark, with my horns cut off and hanging over the kitchen chimney-piece, and a sting-nettle tied on to my nose for my dinner. When I saw my nose in the morning I didn't wonder at my dream, for it was as big as a rutabagur.‡

It went on raining cats and dogs all that day, together with watering-carts and hydraulic machines; and not being able to see the light-house through the mist, and the cheerful boy who took sights on the Island being invisible through the rain, I certainly felt a little lonely. However,

* Fool. † Sit. ‡ A Swedish turnip.

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about three o'clock satisfaction and good spirits arrived, in the shape of Uncle Nat Treloob, in a sack, with a hole cut for the eyes that looked two ways for Sunday and all ways for his cow.

He came up to my window, dripping, drenched, dismal. The sack came a little below his waist — it was a short wide one — haybands came up to his knees; his boots went squash on the gravel. He took off the sack and bowed. Then he clasped his hands and sighed.

"Well," I said, "who are you?"

"I'm Nat Treloob, ma'am; first cousin to Uncle Dick the gunner, who was his honour your gran'fer's stable-boy well nigh 'pon fifty years."

"And what do you want, Uncle Nat Treloob?"

"Jist to ax how you are, Miss Tabitha. You are the pictur of his honour your grandfether, and there wadn't a better favoured man betwixt this and the king — no, not in no county."

"What do you want, Uncle Nat?"

"And you are the nat'r'al-born image of your mauther too, miss. And I mind she well, the day your feyther brought her hoam — prinkt* and pridy† she was, the raal lady, and prettier —"

I took up my work again, and went on stitching.

"Miss Tabitha, I'm sure you won't be wishing nobody ill, leastways a poor man. You are the best of friends to the poor, and the kindest lady that ever rode in her aun coach, or aucto to, if you had your rights. And you've the best meadow in the parish, Miss Tabitha — sure you have."

"Nobody knows that better than you, Uncle Nat Treloob."

"It's boostering‡ work making good coose sich a day as this, Miss Tabitha. I'm in a cruel shaphe with the wind and tha rain, and my heart 'most bruk about thi cow. And plase sure, Miss Tabitha, I tied her oop laest night 'pon tha common with a big balch; § and I dunno how she bruk loose. I'm afeard some paticie || left your gaate open, and she smelled the good grass. It's the fust time, Miss Tabitha, the very fust' thi imperintould thing ever thoft of getting into your croft. And ef you'll look over et this waunce, I'll coajerend¶ tha tail of her on to the pump. I will, plase sure, afore she shall do it again."

"Uncle Nat Treloob, I wonder at you! It's awfu to hear an old man telling falsehoods."

"Miss Tabitha, I abbn't tould a stram **

* Well dressed.

† Labouring so as to sweat.

|| Simpleton. ¶ Cobbler's wax.

‡ Proud.

§ Rope.

** Lie.

never since I went to mitin-house twenty-nine year agone. Don'tee go now to taake away my good character, there's a dear lady. I've been tarving* and teering round arter thi polrumptuous† beast ever since five this blessed morning, and narra sup, nor porridge, nor crouse‡ has gone enside my craw. § And I abbn't titch pipe|| waunce by the way. You won't be hard, Miss Tabitha, on a ould man? — an ould man who seed you christened, and the pootiest babby you was as ere I looked upon in al my born days; you won't be hard, Miss Tabitha?"

"Uncle Nat, you are a bad old rascal. I saw you put your cow in my field with my own eyes."

"Me! plase, father, it wadn't me. — Miss Tabitha, I wouldn't be so unmannerly. Your eyes dedn't see right, miss."

"It was not you?"

"Narra bit of me, miss. Or, ef 'twas me, I was mazed, or the devil had hould of me. Plase sure, it wadn't me en my right mind, Miss Tabitha. I'd liefer the ould brindle went leary¶ for a month than I'd help her steal a blade of your grass."

He was very wet; he looked very dismal. I gave way before his eloquence.

"Ah, well, Uncle Nat, your cow is in the pound; go and fetch her." But Uncle Nat now goes no signs of stirring.

"There's a hunder weight of water a-top of me, and my lembs is wore out, miss; and I've been oop to tha pound a'ready, and Farmer Kunckey waient give oop tha cow without a guinea, and a line from you to say she may go."

"A guinea!" I screamed through the wet window; "that's too much. I don't want you to pay for the grass. I'll write a line to the pound-keeper, and tell him to give you the cow."

Uncle Nat shook his head. "'Tis no good to carr' oop tha letter without the guinea, miss. I'm bedoled ** and bruk down with grief to think of axing you fur a guinea. The piskies was in the cow, I bla', to taake her into your croft; but al my cob-shans †† es aunly haafe a crown. Miss Tabitha, if you'll aunly forgive the ould cow, and let me have the guinea, I'll pay ee back every farden — fath and sure I will — honest as Job, I will. And ef you waient, Miss Tabitha, then me and my ould woman, who is totleish ‡‡ and bedoled with rheumatism, must staarve outright. We shaan't have a croom or mossel to clunkly, §§ ef the

* Fuming. † Restive. ‡ Lunch. § Stomach.

|| To "touch pipe;" cease from work.

¶ Leary; empty. ** Stupefied with sorrow.

†† Savings. ‡‡ Childish through old age.

§§ Swallow.

cow goes. My old missus lives on the scal'd milk."*

What could I do? I knew the old rascal was as poor as a coot. I knew his wife was childish and had the rheumatism.

I gave the guinea. Need I observe that it never came back to my pocket?

Temper and I always felt very doubtful about that guinea. We thought it extraordinary the farmer should make so high a charge for keeping that pickpocket of a cow a few hours in the pound. However, we dared make no inquiries about it, as that might have let out the fact that I had driven the beast there. And you see I didn't want to get laughed at in my own parish.

In about a year after this, I met Uncle Nat Treloob and his cow with a young calf.

"Well, Uncle Nat," I observed, "your cow has got a fine calf. What have you called her?"

"Dorcas, which, being interpreted, meant Tabitha," said the old sinner, taking off his hat, and passing on, with a droll expression in his pivot eye. And Dorcas that calf remains to this day. She is an old calf now; in fact, she isn't a calf at all, she is an elderly cow; and I always feel, when I see people grin over her name, that somehow I only came off second-best in the revenge I took on Uncle Nat Treloob.

From The Economist, 30 May.

THE SOBRIETY OF THE UNITED STATES' SENATE.

FOR reasons which we explained last week, we cannot regard the acquittal of the President, by the deficiency in the Senatorial majority for condemnation, as an event of much political good omen for the Constitution of the United States. That a country should be declared liable, for any period short of the four years of presidential reign, to be governed by a man who is so hateful to the Legislature that he is thought, by thirty-five out of fifty-four of the senators, to be guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanours," and is held guilty by a much larger proportion of the House of Representatives, is a political paradox scarcely to be equalled in the history of nations. Nothing seems to us to illustrate the rigidity, the utter want of flexibility, in the American political Constitution, so forcibly and even ludicrously as this little fact. The people establish a Legislature to make laws for the Union. The people appoint a chief officer to carry out those laws. Nothing of

course can be more important than that this chief officer should be in hearty accord with the spirit of the legislation which he has to carry out. If he is not, he has immense power to neutralize its provisions. He can choose subordinates who dislike its provisions, who will be languid in understanding what they dislike, who will be quick to avail themselves of every loophole to escape from what they dislike. This is precisely what has happened during President Johnson's rule; and nothing could have been more fatal to that unity and firmness of purpose so essential to the renovation of the political bond between North and South. And so conspicuous has this been that all but two-thirds of the Senate, and much more than two-thirds of the whole Congress, think Mr. Johnson a mere traitor, a political criminal, with whom it is impossible to keep any terms. Yet not Mr. Johnson but the Legislature has to give way. The man whom Congress trusts, and whom Mr. Johnson distrusts, has had to give up the War Office, and for the rest of the nine months of his reign, Mr. Johnson may do exactly what he pleases, so long as he does not openly or flagrantly violate any admitted law. Such a position strikes, or ought to strike, an educated political imagination as the highest of all possible absurdities. If the Americans do not see it quite as strongly as we do, it is perhaps for a double reason,—because they do not apply as vivid a political imagination as we do to the political circumstances of their country,—and also because, partly perhaps on that very account, political evils which we should think of the most insupportable kind do not affect them so much, and indeed, so long as they remain political, are felt to be in a region not quite near enough to affect seriously the true life of the nation.

But though we appreciate keenly—far more keenly than many of our contemporaries—the unfortunate result of the impeachment, as showing absolutely no constitutional loophole out of the inflexible system of the written Constitution, we cannot but respect the remarkable proof of *stability*, and in a certain sense doubtless of moral stability, which some of the senators have given under circumstances of great trial and pressure. We do not say whether or not the section of Republicans who deserted their party,—Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Grimes,—decided wisely and rightly. How far they were or were not wise in their decision is a point on which we do not feel called upon to express any opinion. But that they showed the highest kind of political con-

* Scald milk is the milk after the scald or clotted cream is skimmed off.

scientiousness and firmness under some of the most trying circumstances to which politicians were ever yet exposed, is indisputable. Probably no party ever used weapons more vulgar and violent to overwhelm hesitating members of it than the Republican party have used against these four senators. The New York correspondent of the *Daily News*, himself a Republican, and at one time at least — before the party became so fierce and factious — a cordial supporter of the impeachment, details the disgraceful persecution to which these senators, who have nothing to gain and much to lose by their desertion of their party, have been exposed. The *New York Tribune*, says this correspondent, "has an article on Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, every day, proving both his idiocy and knavery. Another mode of annoying him, which the same journal practices, is to quote against him a line from the old song, running, 'Old Grimes is dead, — that good old man.' Yesterday morning it had a paragraph at the head of its leading columns consisting simply of the words 'Grimes is dead.' Its correspondent at Washington goes further still, and describes his guilty, ugly looks as he sits in the Senate." This paper, — the paper of Mr. Horace Greeley, a man who at one time held high and honourable rank among journalists, — lets its Washington correspondent speak of Mr. Grimes as "curling himself up on his seat [in the Senate] as mean, noxious, and repulsive as a hedgehog in the cage of a travelling menagerie." Such is a mere specimen of the mud thrown at the four Republican deserters from the party for convicting Mr. Johnson. Now it is all but impossible that these men should have acted as they have from any but high and honourable motives. It is true that they may have felt little pique at the elevation of Mr. Wade to the chair of the Senate, for which some of them had expected to be chosen, and for which it seems certain that some of them would have been far better fitted than Mr. Wade. But however possible it may be that a feeling of pique may unconsciously have mingled with their motives, it is certain that it would have been far more conducive to any selfish and ambitious hopes that they may have entertained, had they supported their party instead of incurring its bitter hatred. There is nothing that is harder in public life than for men to endure steadily the bitter vituperation and reproaches of friends and followers, without being supported by any sympathy with their opponents. This is, we believe, precisely the position of the four Republican senators who have secured the acquittal

of Mr. Johnson. They have disliked and bitterly condemned his policy. They abhor the principles of the only party which has supported him. They think poorly of his motives and meanly of his powers. But they cannot convince themselves that he has been guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanours" in the sense contemplated by the Constitution; and therefore, in spite of incessant persecution, in spite of delegations which pursued them even into their bed-rooms to insist on their changing their votes, in spite of every abuse the newspapers can lavish on them, they have stood firm, and voted for a man whom they dislike, condemn, and probably even despise, rather than violate their own political consciences. There is a gallantry in this conduct which, whether we agree or disagree in their opinion, ought to raise very greatly our estimate of the calibre of the American Senators. The difficulty of standing firm against the mass of your own party in a democratic country like America, where public opinion gains a sort of artificial sacredness for the consciences of politicians, to say nothing of the violent penalties which it imposes on those who offend it — penalties of which English political criticism gives us absolutely no idea at all — must be incalculable. Party organization is there so close and habitual that a man who sets it at defiance literally irritates it into insane rage such as we have just illustrated. It is so accustomed to dictate that it gnashes its teeth when its dictation on a question of first-rate importance is defied. If the inflexibility of the American Constitution is an evil — and we hold it to be a great evil — the inflexibility of the leading men who are engaged in applying it to practical politics is a matter for pure congratulation. After all the stability of the system depends on the stability of character of the men whom the system breeds. If this be of a high calibre, we may be sure that the deficiency of the system will sooner or later be amended, and something more practicable and elastic substituted for the written law which now divides the Constitution against itself. But without probity and inflexibility of character in the statesman, no system however perfect could work for good. We are not sure that the votes of Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Grimes were right. We are sure that they were votes which prove that the United States can still produce political martyrs for principle, and that it is through such men as these, whether right or wrong in their individual judgment, that the democracy of the States will ultimately be purified and saved.